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IN THE TRACKS OF WAR.

I.

We left Klerksdorp in a dust-storm so thick and incessant that it was difficult to tell where the houses ended and the open country began. The little town, which may once have been a clean, smiling place, has been for months the *corpus vile* of military operations. A dozen columns have made it their destination; the transport and supplies of the whole Western Army have been congested there, with the result that the town lands have been rubbed bare of grass, the streets furrowed into dust-heaps, and the lightest breeze turned into a dust-tornado. Our Cape carts rattled over the bridge of the Schoon Spruit—"Caller Water," as we might translate it in Scots, but here a low and muddy current between high banks—and, climbing a steep hill past the old town of Klerksdorp, came out of the fog into clearer veld, over which a gale of wind was blowing strongly. The desert was strewn with empty tins, which caught the sun like quartz; stands of barbed wire were everywhere on the broad uneven highway; little dust devils spouted at intervals on to the horizon. The place was like nothing so much as a large deserted brick-field in some Midland suburb.

There is one feature of the high veld which has not had the attention it deserves—I mean the wind. Ask a man who has done three years' trekking what he mostly complains of, and he will be silent about food and drink, the sun by day and the frost by night, but he is certain to launch into picturesque language about the wind. The wind of winter blows not so unkindly as persistently. Day and night the cheek is flaming from its buffets. There is no shelter from scrub or kopjie, for it is a most cunning wind, and will find a cranny to whistle through. Little wrinkles appear round blinking eyes, the voice gets a high pitch of protest, and a man begins to walk sideways like a crab to present the smallest surface to his enemy. And with the wind go all manner of tin-cans, trundling from one skyline to another with a most purposeful determination. Somewhere—S. S. W. I should put the direction—there must be a Land of Tin-cans, where in some sheltered valley all the débris of the veld has come to anchor.

About ten o'clock the wind abated a little, and the road passed into a country of low hills with scrub of mimosa thorn along the flats. The bustard, which the Boers have so aptly named "korhaan," or scalding hen, strutted

by the roadside, a few hawks circled about us, and an incurious secretary-bird flapped across our path. The first water appeared,—a melancholy stream called Rhenoster Spruit,—and the country grew hillier and greener till we outspanned for lunch at a farm-house of some pretensions, with a large dam, a spruit, and a good patch of irrigated land. The owner had returned and was dwelling in a tent against the restoration of his homestead. A considerable herd of cattle grazed promiscuously on the meadow, and the farmer with philosophic calm was smoking his pipe in the shade. Apparently he was a man of substance, and above manual toil; for though he had been back for some time there was no sign of getting to work on repairs, such as we saw in smaller holdings. Fairly considered, this repatriation is a hard nut for the proud indolent Boer, for it means the reversal of a life's order. His by-woners are scattered, his native boys refuse to return to him; there is nothing for the poor man to do but to take pick and hammer himself. Sooner or later he will do it, for in the last resort he is practical, but in the meantime he smokes and ponders on the mysteries of Providence and the odd chances of life.

In the afternoon our road lay through a pleasant undulating land, with green patches along the streams and tracts of bush relieving the monotony of the gray winter veld. Every farm-house we passed was in the same condition,—roofless, windowless, dams broken, water-furrows choked, and orchards devastated. Our way of making war may be effective as war, but it inflicts terrible wounds upon the land. After a campaign of a dozen bloody fights reconstruction is simple; the groundwork remains for a new edifice. But, though the mortality be relatively small, our late meth-

ods have come very near to destroying the foundations of rural life. We have to build again from the beginning; we have to face questions of simple existence which seem strange to us, who in our complex society rarely catch sight of the bones of the social structure. To be sure there is hope. There is a wonderful recuperative power in the soil; the Boer is simpler in habits than most countrymen; and it is not a generation since he was starting at the same rudiments. Further, our own settlers will have the same beginnings, and there is a chance of rural communities, Boer and British, being more thoroughly welded together, because they can advance *pari passu* from the same starting-point. But to the new-comer the situation has a baffling oddness. It seems strange to be doling out the necessities of life to a whole community, to be dealing with a society, which must have been full of shades and divisions like all rural societies, as a featureless collection of units. Yet it is probable that the Boers themselves are the last to realize it. The people who crowded to the doors of the ruined farms as we passed were on the whole good-humored, patient, and uncomplaining. They had set about repairing the breaches in their fortunes, crudely but contentedly. At one farm we saw a curious Arcadian sight in this desert which war had made. Some small Boer children were herding a flock of sheep along a stream. A little girl in a sun-bonnet was carrying a lamb; two brown, ragged, bare-legged boys were amusing themselves with a penny whistle. To the children war and reconstruction alike can only have been a game; and hope and the future are to the young.

From Klerksdorp to Wolmaranstad the distance is some fifty miles, and it was almost nightfall before we de-

scended with very weary cattle the long hill to our outspan. The country was one wide bare wold, the sky a soft glow of amber; and there was nothing between amber earth and amber sky save one solitary korhaan, scolding in the stillness. I do not know who the first Wolmarans may have been, but he built a stad very like a little Border town—all huddled together and rising suddenly out of the waste. The Makasi Spruit is merely a string of muddied water-holes, but in the darkness it might have been the "wan water" of Liddel or Yarrow. We camped in one of the few rooms that had still a roof, and rid ourselves of the dust of the road in an old outhouse in the company of a facetious monkey and a saturnine young eagle. When we had warmed ourselves and dined, I began to like Wolmaranstad, and, after a moonlight walk, I came to the conclusion that it was a most picturesque and charming town. But Wolmaranstad, like Melrose, should be seen by moonlight; for in the morning it looked little more than a collection of ugly shanties jumbled together in a dusty patch of veld.

II.

On the 12th August, in the usual dust-storm, we started for Lichtenburg. There is no highroad, but a series of wild cross-country paths merging constantly in farm-roads. No map is quite reliable, and local information is fallacious. The day being the festival of St Grouse, we shot conscientiously all morning with very poor success. The game was chiefly korhaan, and he is a hard bird to get on terms with. About the size of a black-cock, and as slow on the wing, he looks an easy mark; but if stalked, he has a habit of rising just out of range, and repeating the performance till he

has lured you a mile from your wagon, when he squawks in triumph and departs into the void. The orthodox way is to ride round him in slowly narrowing circles—a ruse which seems to baffle his otherwise alert intelligence. The country was rolling veld dotted with walt-a-bit thorn-bushes; the farm-houses few but large; the roads heavy with sand. In one hill-top farm, well named Uitkyk, we found an old farmer and his son-in-law, who invited us to enter. The place was in fair order, being out of the track of columns, tolerably furnished, and with the usual portrait of the Reverend Andrew Murray on the wall. The farmer had no complaints to make, being well-to-do and too old to worry about earthly things; but the son-in-law, a carpenter by trade, was full of his grievances. The neighborhood, being in ruins, was crying for his services, he said, but there was no material in the country to work with. Building material was scarce in Johannesburg and Pretoria; how much scarcer it must be in Wolmaranstad! This just complaint was frequent on our journey; for the Transvaal, served by its narrow-gauge single-line railways choked with military traffic, is badly equipped with the necessities of reconstruction, and many willing workmen have to kick their heels in idleness.

We outspanned at midday near some pools of indifferent water, which our authorities had enthusiastically described as an abundant water-supply. There was a roofless farm close by, where a kind of hut of biscuit-tins had been erected, in which a taciturn young woman was nursing a child. There was also a boy of about sixteen in the place who had coffee with us, and took us afterwards to stalk korhaan with a rifle. He was newly home from commando, full of spirit and good-humor, and handled longingly

the rifle which the law forbade him to possess. All afternoon we passed roofless farmhouses crowded with women and children, and in most cases the farmer was getting forward in the work of restoration. Dams and water-furrows were being mended, some kind of roof put on the house, waggons cobbled together, and in many cases a good deal of ploughing had been done. The country grew bleaker as we advanced, trees disappeared, huge wind-swept downs fell away on each side of the path, and heavy rain-clouds came up from the west. The real rains begin in October, but chill showers often make their appearance in August, and I know nothing more desolate than the veld in such a storm. By-and-by we struck the path of a column, ploughed up by heavy gun-carriages, and in following the track somehow missed our proper road. The darkness came while we were yet far from our outspan, crawling up a great hill, which seemed endless. At the top a fine sight awaited us, for the whole country in front seemed on fire. A low line of hills was tipped with flame, and the racing fires were sweeping into the flats with the solid regularity of battalions. A moment before, and we had been in Shelley's

"Sad, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world";

now we were in the midst of light and color and elfish merriment. To me there is nothing solemn in a veld-fire, nothing but madness and fantasy. The veld, so full at other times of its own sadness, the

"Acerbo indegno mistero della cose,"

becomes demented, and cries an impish defiance to the austere kings who sit in Orion. The sight raised our spirits, and we stumbled down the

long hillside in a better temper. By-and-by a house of a sort appeared in the valley bottom, and a dog's bark told us that it was inhabited. To our relief we found that we had actually struck our outspan, Korannafontein, having approached it from the opposite side. The Koranna have long since gone from it, and the sole inhabitant was a Jew storekeeper, a friendly person, who assisted us to doctor our very weary horses. The ways of the Jew are past all finding out. Refuse to grant him a permit for himself and goods, and he says nothing; but he is in occupation months before the Gentle, unless the Gentle comes from Aberdeen. Our friend had his store stocked, and where he got the transport no man knows. He spoke well of the neighborhood, both of Boer and native. The natives here, he said, are civilized. I asked him his definition of civilization. "They speak Dutch," he said,—an answer worth recording. We camped for the night behind what had once been the woolshed. The floor of the tent was dirty, and, foolishly, I sent a boy to "mak schoon." He made "schoon" by digging up dust with a shovel and storing it in heaps in different corners. About midnight the rain fell heavily, and a little later a great wind rose and put those dust-heaps in circulation. I awoke from dreams of salmon-fishing with a profound conviction that I had been buried under a landslip. I crawled hastily through a flap followed by a stream of dust, and no ventilation could make that tent habitable, so that in the morning we wakened with faces like colliers, and throats as dry as the nether millstone.

From Korannafontein to Lichtenburg is something over forty miles, so we started at daybreak and breakfasted at a place called Rhenosterput, where some gentleman sent a Mauser bullet over our heads to remind us of

his presence. The country was down-land, very full of Namaqua partridge and the graceful spur-winged plover, a ranching country, for the streams had little fall and less water. At midday we outspanned at a pretty native village called Rooljantjesfontein, with a large church after the English village pattern, and a big dam lined with poplars. The life of a missionary, who bought a farm when land was cheap and had it cultivated by his congregation, is a pleasant one: he makes a large profit, spends easy days, and returns early to his native Germany. It is a type I have little patience with, for it discredits one of the most heroic of human callings, and turns loose on society the slim Christian native, who brings Christianity and civilization into discredit. We were now out of the region of tracks and on the main road to Lichtenburg, and all afternoon we travelled across the broad shallow basin of the Hartz River with our goal full in view on a distant hill-top. Far off on our right we saw a curious sight—a funeral waggon with a train of mourners creeping slowly across the veld. The Boers, as we heard from many sources, are exhuming the dead from different battlefields, and bringing them, often from great distances, to the grave-yards on their own homesteads. An odd sombre task, not without its grandeur; for to the veld farmer, as to the old Roman, there are Lares and Penates, and he wishes at the last to gather all his folk around him.

III.

Lichtenburg, as I have said, stands on a hill-top, but when one enters he finds a perfect model of a Dutch village. The streets are lined with willows and poplars, and seamed with water-furrows, and all the principal buildings surround a broad village

green on which cattle were grazing. Seen in the morning it lost nothing of its attractiveness; and it dwells in my memory as a fresh clean place, looking over a wide upland country,—a place where men might lead honest lives, and meet the world fearlessly. It has its own relics of war. The court-house roof and walls are splashed with bullets, relics of Delarey's fight with the Northumberland Fusileers. General Delarey is himself the principal inhabitant. He owns much land in the neighborhood, and his house stands a few miles out on the Mafeking road. From this district was drawn all that was most chivalrous and resolute in the Boer forces; and the name of their leader is still a synonym with lovers of good fighting men for the finest quality of his race.

The Zeerust road is as bad going for waggons as I have ever seen. It runs for miles through a desert where the soil is as black as in Lancashire, and a kind of coaly dust rises in everlasting clouds. We started late in the day, so that sunset found us some distance from water, in a featureless country. We were to outspan at the famous Malmani Oog—the eye of the Malmani; but a fountainhead is not a good goal on a dark night to ignorant travellers. Shortly after dusk we rode on ahead to look for the stream. Low slopes of hills rose on all sides, but nowhere could we see a gleam or a hollow which might be water. The distance may have been short, but to a hungry and thirsty man it seemed endless, as one hill after another was topped without any result. We found a fork in the road, and took the turn to the left as being more our idea of the way. As it happened we were trekking straight for the Kalahari Desert, and but for the lucky sound of a waggon on the other road might have been floundering there to-day. We turned aside to ask for information,

and found we were all but at the Oog, which lay in the trees a hundred yards off. The owner of the waggon was returning to Lichtenburg with a sick wife, whom he had taken to Zeerust for a change. He had been a road surveyor under the late Government, had served on Delarey's staff, and had been taken prisoner. A quiet reserved man with dignified manners, he answered our questions without complaint or petulance. There is something noble in travel when pursued in this stately leisure. The great buck-wagon, the sixteen solemn oxen lumbering on, the master walking behind in the moonlight, have an air of patriarchal dignity, an older simplicity. I suppose fifteen to twenty miles might be a good day's march, but who shall measure value by miles? It is the life for dreams, for roadside fires, nights under the stars, new faces studied at leisure, good country talk, and the long thoughts of an unharassed soul. Let us by all means be up and doing, setting the world to rights and sounding our own trumpet; but is the most successful wholly at ease in the presence of great mountains and forests, or men whose lives share in the calm cycle of nature?

The night in tents was bitterly cold, and the morning bath, taken before sunrise in the springs of Malmani, was the most Arctic experience I have ever met. We left our drivers to inspan and follow, and set off down the little stream with our guns. There are hours which live for ever in the memory,—hours of intense physical exhilaration, the pure wine of health and youth, when the mind has no thoughts save for the loveliness of earth, and the winds of morning stir the blood to a heavenly fervor. No man who has experienced such seasons can be other than an optimist. Dull nights in cities, heartless labors with pen and ink, the squalid worries of business

and ambition, all are forgotten, and in the retrospect it is those hours which stand up like shining hill-tops,—the type of the pure world before our sad mortality had laid its spell upon it. It is not pleasure—the word is too debased in human parlance; nor happiness, for that is for calm delights. Call it joy, that "enthusiasm" which is now the perquisite of creeds and factions, but which of old belonged to the fauns and nymphs who followed Pan's piping in the woody hollows of Thessaly. I have known and loved many streams, but the little Malmani has a high place in my affections. The crystal water flowed out of great reed-beds into a shallow vale, where it wound in pools and cataracts to a broad ford below a ruined mill. Thence it passed again into reed-beds fringed with willows and departed from our ken. There was a bamboo covert opposite full of small singing birds; the cries of snipe and plover rose from the reed-beds, and the fall of water, rarest of South African sounds, tinkled like silver in the cold morning air. We shot nothing, for we saw nothing; the glory of the scene was all that mortal eye could hold at once. And then our waggons splashed through the ford, and we had perforce to leave it.

We took a hill road, avoiding the detour by Malmani Drift, and after some hours in a country of wooded glens, came into the broad valley of the Klein Marico. The high veld and its scenery had been left far behind. Something half tropical, even in this mid-winter, was in the air of these rich lowlands. After the bleak uplands of Lichtenburg it was pleasant to see good timber, the green of winter crops, and abundant runnels of water. The farm-houses were larger and in fair repair,—embowered, too, in orange-groves, with the golden fruit bright among the glossy leaves. Blossom was appearing in every orchard;

new and strange birds took the place of our enemy the korhaan; and for the first time on our journey we saw buck on the slopes. The vale was ringed with stony tree-clad hills like the Riviera, and in the hot windless noon the dust hung in clouds about us, so that, in spite of water and greenery, my impression of that valley is one of thirst and discomfort. Zeerust is a pretty village close under the hills, with tree-lined streets,—a prosperous sleepy place, with no marks of the ravages of war. The farmers, too, are a different stock from the high-veld Boers; they get their living more easily, and in their swarthy faces and slouching walk one cannot read the hard-bitten spirit which inspired the men of Botha and Delarey. They seemed on good terms with their new masters. We attended a gymkhana given by the South African Constabulary, and the Dutch element easily predominated in the crowd which watched the races. A good-humored element, too, for the men smoked and criticised the performances in all friendliness, while their womenkind in their Sunday clothes thronged to the marqueses for tea.

IV.

The Rustenburg road runs due east through a fine defile called Klein Marico Poort, and thence in a country of thick bush for twenty miles to the ford of the Groot Marico. We started before dawn, and did not halt for breakfast till the said ford, by which time the sun was high in the heavens and we were very hot, dusty, and hungry. Lofty wooded hills rose to the north, and not forty miles off lay the true hunting-veld, with koodoo, water-buck, and hippopotamus. Bird life was rich along the road—blue jays, rollers, and the handsome malicious game-bird which acts as scout to the guinea-fowl, and with his harsh call informs

them of human presence. The farms were small and richly watered, with laden orange-groves and wide ruined verandas. The people of Zeerust had spoken with tears in their eyes of the beautiful condition of this road, but we found it by far the worst in our travels. It lay deep in sand, was strewn with ugly boulders, and at one ford was so impossible that we had to make a long detour over virgin veld. The Great Marico, which, like all streams in the northern watershed, joins the Limpopo, and indeed forms his chief feeder, is a muddy tropical water, very unlike the clear Malmani. Beyond it the country becomes bare and pastoral again, full of little farms, to which the bulk of the inhabitants had returned. It was the most smiling country we had seen, for bush-veld has an ineradicable air of barbarism, but a green open land with white homesteads among trees is the true type of a settled country. The young grass was already springing in the sheltered places, the cold dusty winds had gone, and a forehint of spring was in the calm evening.

We spent the night above the Elands River, a very beautiful full water, almost on the site of the battle. The Elands River fight seems to have slipped from the memory of a people who made much of lesser performances; but to soldiers it is easily the Thermopylae of the war. Five hundred or so of Australians of different regiments, with a few Rhodesians, were marching to join another force, when they were cut off at Elands River by 3000 Boers. They were invited to surrender, and declined. A small number took up a position beside the stream; the remainder held a little ridge in the centre of the amphitheatre of hills. For several days they toiled at dug-outs—terrible days, for they were shelled continually from the whole rim of the amphitheatre. One

relieving force from the west retired in despair; a relieving force from the east was deceived by false heliograms, and went away, believing the work accomplished. Then came the report that they had surrendered; and then, after some fifteen days, they were found by Lord Kitchener, still holding the forlorn post. It was a mere sideshow, but to have been there was worth half the clasps in the campaign. More shells were fired into that little place than into Mafeking, and the courage of the few by the river who passed up water in the night to their comrades is beyond praise. The Colonials will long remember Elands River. It was their own show; without generalship or orders, against all the easy traditions of civilized warfare, the small band followed the Berserker maxim, and vindicated the ancient dignity of arms. In the morning we went over the place. The dug-outs were still mostly intact, and in a little graveyard beneath rude crosses slept the heroic dead.

A few miles farther on and the summit of a ridge was reached, from which the eye looked over a level valley to the superb western line of the Magaliesberg. Straight in front was the cleft of Magato's Nek, beyond which Rustenburg lay. The western Magaliesberg disappoints on closer acquaintance. The cliffs prove to be mere loose kranzes, the glens are waterless, the woods are nothing but barren thorn. But seen from afar in the clear air of dawn, when the darkness is still lurking in the hollows and the blue peaks are flushed with sunrise, it is a fairyland picture, a true mountain barrier to an enchanted land. Our road swung down a long slope to the Coster River, where we outspanned, and then through a sandy wilderness to the drift of the Selons. From this it climbed wearily up to the throat of the nek, a dull tract of country with few farms

and no beauties. The nek, too, on closer view has little to commend it, save the prospect that opens on the other side. The level green plateau of Rustenburg lay before us, bounded on the north by a chain of koppies, and on the south by the long dark flanks of the Magaliesberg as it sweeps round to the east. A few miles and the village itself came in sight, with a great church as at Wakkerstroom, standing up like some simple rural cathedral over the little houses. Rustenburg was always the stronghold of the straitest sect of the Boers; and in the midst of the half-tropical country around, this sweep of pasture, crowned with a white kirk, had something austere and Puritan in its air,—the abode of a people with their own firm traditions, hostile and masterful towards the world. The voortrekker having fought his way through the Magaliesberg passes, outspanned his tired oxen on this pleasant upland, and called it his "city of rest." And it still looks its name, for no orchards and gardens can make it otherwise than a novelty in the landscape—sober, homely, and comforting, like some Old Testament Elim where there were twelve wells of water and three-score and ten palm-trees, or the "plain called Ease" wherein Christian "walked with much content."

V.

We took up our quarters at a farm a little way south of the town in the very shadow of the mountains. It was a long, low, rambling house called Boschdaal, with thick walls and cool passages. All around were noble gum-trees; a clear stream ran through the garden, which even at this season was gay with tropical flowers; and the orchard was heavy with oranges, lemons, and bananas. A little conical hill behind had a path made to its summit,

whence one had a wide prospect of the Magaliesberg and the whole plateau. There were sheer cliffs in the background, with a waterfall among them; and between them and the house were some miles of park-like country where buck came in the morning. The rooms were simply but pleasantly furnished; the walls a forest of horns; and the bookcases full of European classics, with a great abundance of German story-books for children, telling how wicked Gretchen amended her ways, or little Hans saved his pennies. Altogether a charming dwelling-place, where a man might well spend his days in worthy leisure, shooting, farming, gardening, and smoking his pipe in the evening, with the sunset flaming over the hills.

We spent two nights in Rustenburg, visiting in the daytime a horse dépôt to which a number of brood mares had been brought for winter grazing, and paying our respects to a neighboring chief, Magato, who lives in a *stad* from which many town councils might learn a lesson of cleanliness and order. The natives are as rich as Jews from the war, owning fine spans of oxen and Army Service Corps waggons, and altogether disinclined to stir themselves for wages. This prosperity of the lower race must be a bitter pill for the Boer to swallow, as he drives in for his rations with a team of wretched donkeys, and sees his former servants with buck-waggons and cattle. We watched strings of Burghers arriving at the dépôt, and at night several fires in the neighboring fields told of their outspans. Most of them were polite and communicative: a very few did their business in sulky silence. There was one man who took my fancy. Originally he must have been nearly seven feet high, but a wound in the back had bent him double. He had long black hair, and sombre black eyes which looked straight before him into va-

cancy. He had a ramshackle home-made cart and eight donkeys, and a gigantic whip, of which he was a consummate master. A small boy did his business for him, while he sat hunched up on his cart, speaking hoarsely to his animals, and cracking his whip in the air,—a man for whom the foundations of the world had been upset, and henceforth, like Cain, a dweller apart. The work of repatriation is well done so far as the circumstances permit. Stock and transport are hard to come by, but the penniless farmer is at least sent back to his farm and kept from immediate want. But there is one class which no organization has touched—the people who came in at the last surrender, and have never been near a dépôt. Some of these believe that if they show their face to an official they will have their farms taken from them; and they are content to starve in the mean time till their leaders arrive from Europe with the funds which, they believe, will be forthcoming. It is pathetic to find this confidence in the mission of the Generals. They will take nothing from the new Government, but they trust their old leaders to provide for them. In the wilder parts of the country there are many cases of naked destitution—families living by digging for meerkats, and making porridge of uneatable herbs. All is done that can be done; troopers of police, land inspectors, and all officials whose duties take them about the country, report cases of need, and often carry with them means of relief. It is difficult to load an already overworked department, but it would be well if an Intelligence officer were attached to each dépôt, whose sole business would be to carry help to those who will not seek it.

On the third morning we started regretfully, for Pretoria was only two days distant. This was the pleasant-

est stage in our journey: the air was cool and fine, the roads good, water abundant, and a noble range of mountains kept us company. This is the tobacco-land of the Transvaal, whence comes the Magaliesberg brand, which has a high reputation in South Africa. There are no big farms but a great number of small holdings, richly irrigated and populous—the stronghold of Mr. Kruger in former times, for he could always whistle his Rustenburgers to his will. Now and then a pass cleft the mountain line on our right, and in the afternoon we came in sight of the great gap through which the Crocodile River forces its passage. Farther east, and at a higher altitude, lay Silikat's Nek, which is called after Mosilikatse. It was approaching sunset as we crossed Commando Nek, which is divided from Crocodile Poort by a spur of mountain, and looked over the Witwatersberg rolling south to the Rand and the feverish life of cities. High up on a peak stood a castellated blockhouse, looking like a peel tower in some old twilight of Northumbrian hills, and to the left and right the precipitous cliffs of the Magaliesberg ran out to the horizon. At the foot of the pass we forded the Magalies River, a stream of clear water running over a bed of gray-blue stones, and in another half hour we had crossed the bridge of the Crocodile and outspanned on the farther bank.

The rivers unite a mile away, and the cleft of the Poort to which the twin streams hurried stood out as black as ink in the moonlight. Far up on the hillside the bush was burning, and the glare made the gorge like the gate of a mysterious world, guarded by flames and shadows. This Poort is fine by daylight, but still not more than an ordinary pass; but in the witching half-light it dominated the mind like a wild dream. After dinner we set out over the rough ground to

where a cliff sank sheer from the moonlight into utter blackness. We heard the different notes of the two rivers—the rapid Magalies and the sedater Crocodile; and then we came to the bank of the united stream, and scrambling along it found ourselves in the throat of the pass. High walls of naked rock rose on either hand, and at last, after some hard walking, we saw a space of clear star-sown sky and the land beyond the mountains. I had expected a brawling torrent; instead, I found a long dark lagoon sleeping between the sheer sides. In the profound silence the place had the air of some underground world. The black waters seemed to have drowsed there since the Creation, unfathomably deep—a witch's caldron, where the savage spirits of the hills might show their faces. Even as we gazed the moon came over the crest: the cliff in front sprang into a dazzling whiteness which shimmered back from the lagoon below. Far up on the summit was a great boulder which had a far-away likeness to an august human head. As the light fell on it the resemblance became a certainty: there were the long locks, the heavy brows, the profound eyes of a colossal Jove. Not Jove indeed, for he was the god of a race, but that elder deity of the natural man, gray-haired Saturn, keeping his ageless vigil, quiet as a stone, over the generations of his children. Forgotten earth-dwellers, Mosilikatse and his chiefs, Boer-commandoes, British yeomanry—all had passed before these passionless eyes, as their successors will pass and be forgotten. And in the sense of man's littleness there is comfort, and it is part of the title of our inheritance. The veld and the mountains continue forever, austere impartial to their human occupants: it is for the new-comer to prove his right to endure by the qualities which nature has marked for endurance.

THE TAMING OF GARDEN BIRDS.

Attempted robbery with violence is a strange charge for a man to bring against a small bird. Yet in support of this very charge I mean to come forward as plaintiff. This is what sometimes happens to me while walking in the garden or shrubberies, if I am imprudent enough to approach a watchful robin with my mouth open. The bird immediately flies at my face, and, seizing me by the chin or under-lip, makes what seems a determined attempt to extract my front teeth. The explanation is simple enough.

For some years past our robins have been taught to fly up and take a crumb placed between the lips. Teeth seen between parted lips are mistaken by them for a row of crumbs, and they fly up and rattle their beaks against them. This leads to the experiences just recorded, by which strangers, who have not been warned about the robins, are liable to be considerably puzzled. It is only fair to the robins to add that this deception is sometimes purposely practised on them. But the success of our bird-taming experiments has not been confined to robins.

Members of no less than six species of small garden birds, including robins, chaffinches, blue-tits, cole-tits, great-tits, and hedge-sparrows, no single individual of whom has ever seen the inside of a cage or aviary, have been trained to come daily to perch on our hands for food.

All the members of the above species resident in the garden and shrubberies, with the addition during the winter of certain blackbirds, song thrushes and house-sparrows, will come at the sound of a whistle or other call to feed at our feet. If we were to include the casual visitors to the bird table which a protracted frost sometimes sends us for a

short time, this list might be swelled easily by the mention of sundry time-serving jackdaws, starlings, pied wagtails and the non-resident members of the tamer species. But we wish to confine our attention to those birds which remain tame for a long period—some throughout the whole year, others for the greater part of the year.

In this article I shall describe the experiments by which these results were obtained, in the hope that some of my readers may be induced to go and do likewise, and thus add an additional attraction to their country gardens.

To begin with, I must disclaim here, both on my own part and that of my friends, all pretensions to the distinction of a magnetic personality. Doubtless that was what made the little birds gather round St. Francis of Assisi. In our case it is the more prosaic attraction of a handful of crumbs. You can train the most obstinate small bird with crumbs and patience. And this is how we did it.

Among the familiar sights which accompany a hard winter is the little group of feathered mendicants that hunger has driven to our doorsteps. Worm-eating and grain-eating birds alike, they come to man in their dire necessity, when Jack Frost has locked their larders and walled up their granaries with snow. For the bird-tamer this is the golden opportunity: he must take advantage of this hunger while it lasts, knowing that starvation is a necessary condition in taming wild creatures.

At first the birds are attracted by a daily largesse of bread-crumbs sprinkled on the window-sills and doorsteps. As the frost continues, the effects of this regular alms-giving become more

apparent. The birds grow more confident, and approach nearer and nearer to the hand that holds the crumbs. This is the time to lead the bolder spirits to further proofs of courage. The hand, well spread with tempting morsels of cheese and walnut, is laid flat on the ground. After a series of timid feints a robin makes a dash at the nearest crumb on the finger-tips. Then, encouraged by his success, he advances again, and this time secures a crumb placed farther back on the hand. Little by little the hand may now be raised, compelling him to fly on to it. Finally it will no longer be found necessary to stoop to accommodate him.

By degrees other robins will follow the example of their *coryphaeus*, and soon the contagion of confidence spreads to some of the more venturesome individuals of other species. Of these the blue-tit comes first in order of impudence, and he will usually be succeeded by the chaffinch, cole-tit, great-tit and hedge-sparrow.

But all this may take years. With us this has been the case; though we have reason to think that almost as much might be done in one single hard winter by assiduous and systematic training.

In confirmation of this it will only be necessary to state that the winter of 1900, our most successful season, added three new species to our list of hand-perchers—viz., cole-tits, great-tits and hedge-sparrows. Blue-tits and chaffinches did not precede these by more than a couple of years. Our friendship with the robins, however, is of much greater antiquity, though it is only of recent years that they have acquired the habit of feeding from our mouths.

While the frost lasts bird-training is a comparatively simple matter. The critical stage arrives when the hard weather is breaking up, and the nat-

ural food supply of the birds is again becoming available. Then we have to face the problem of retaining their friendship when they are no longer dependent on us for food. Here the demoralizing effect of the begging habit comes to our aid.

They have grown accustomed to having their daily wants supplied, without the labor of catering for themselves. Many of them, moreover, have acquired a craving for the racy cheese and walnut, which have meanwhile replaced the common bread-crumb. The result is the creation of a gang of unemployed bird beggars who linger about the house on the look-out for scraps, many of them remaining in this state of indolent dependence throughout the remainder of the year, if we except their brief absence during nestling time. But even then those that nest near the house can readily be summoned by whistle or any of the other signals we use to attract their attention.

At any season of the year, and at any point of the garden or shrubberies, the sound of a whistle will bring birds about you. In winter the call is answered by a veritable mob. Such an invitation, however, is seldom needed, as the birds themselves usually take the initiative, with a charming insistence that defies refusal.

However engrossed you may be in the book you are reading, when you feel a light touch on the sleeve and look down into the pleading brown eyes of a robin perched there, twittering a weird little plaint with his head on one side—well, you must be very lazy or very heartless if you do not promptly close the book and fumble in your pocket for a nut. A hungry robin will not take a plain no. Indoors or out of doors, walking or seated, he will pester you till you give him something to get rid of him. This is how one of my robin friends treats me. Perched

patiently at first on the back of a chair or on the table in front of me, he lets me know by an occasional querulous twitter that he is there and thinks me very rude not to notice him. At last, losing patience, he alights on my arm.

"No: I won't look at you."

"You won't? Then I'll pull your papers about."

(One absent-minded robin, while investigating his friend's stationery, strolled into the inkpot and then made tracks across the nearest manuscript.)

"Oh! You don't mind that? Then I know what I'll do: I'll hop on your book." And he does, and stands there on one leg contemptuously preening his wing-coverts.

Of course I am weak enough to surrender. But I had my revenge on one occasion. Taking out my crumb-box, I selected some large morsels of Dutch cheese, which my tormentor swallowed greedily. Then, with grim satisfaction, I watched him fluffing out his breast feathers as he slowly and sadly unbuttoned his red waistcoat under the stress of that potent Dutch cheese, like a fat schoolboy after his Christmas dinner.

All our birds are very fond of cheese; but would anyone think of suggesting it as a suitable food for tender fledglings? Yet the parent birds seem to think it is, for it is quite a familiar sight in the case of robins, chaffinches, cole-tits and blue-tits, to see the parent fly off the nest on to the hand, cram her beak full of cheese, and then fly back to drop a crumb down each of the little red throats in succession.

It is some six years since the robins first learnt to take a crumb from the mouth. Now they seem to prefer to be fed in this way. No feat of tameness impresses strangers so much as this. A robin is seen perched in a tree above us. His attention is gained by drawing the breath through the lips

with a chirping noise. Instantly he is on the alert,

And stooping, sidelong turns his listening head.

Now place a crumb between your lips and chirp again. Down he drops like a stone, falling straight into your mouth. There is a flutter of wings in front of your face, a touch of cold claws on the under lip, and simultaneously the unerring beak snaps away the crumb.

Robins feel themselves so much at home on the human hand that they frequently fight one another in that position. That is, the battle begins there and ends on the ground at our feet. The preliminary antics of a pair of fighting robins are highly ridiculous. With beaks pointing skywards, tails cocked wren-wise, and heads rocking from side to side, they waltz round one another to the accompaniment of a most unwarlike war-song. It is a low, plaintive warble, that seems singularly inappropriate to the occasion. Such a song at such a time sounds as quaintly incongruous as a hymn before a prize-fight. Then they set to in earnest, and feathers fly and beaks "go snicker-snack."

Young robins seem to be born tame, though some are of course much tamer than others. This spring I have had one of these pecking crumbs off my hand when scarcely more than three weeks out of the nest, and three had learnt to take crumbs from the mouth before the end of June. Were it not for the cats, the number of our tame robins might be increased more rapidly by the addition of some of these infant prodigies.

Our blue-tits come next to the robins in point of tameness. With us they are very numerous, owing no doubt to the practice of converting our window-sills into tit-larders during the winter. In perching on the hand they are ex-

ceedingly bold. If one is only dexterous enough to hold several pieces of cheese apart between his fingers he may have as many as three blue-tits on his hand together. A bluetit on one hand, a cole-tit on the other, and a robin at the same moment snapping a crumb from the mouth, is no uncommon combination early on a frosty morning, when the birds are ravenous.

When a blue-tit intends to call on you in your room he soon lets you know it. If the window is shut he raps on the glass for admittance. If open, he rings you up with a loud "Chee-chee-cheese please," from his perch on the window-sill. To put your hand in your pocket means "Come in," and down he hops on the floor, or, if you happen to be a particular friend of his, he will perch on the table at which you are seated, or even alight on your hand. On cold mornings quite a crowd of tits will make their way into a room where they are regularly fed. On such an occasion as many as eight were counted in one room while the occupant was at home.

As the spring approaches, the blue-tits decrease in number round the house, and the majority depart to the woods in the vicinity to nest. The few that remain develop retiring habits during the pairing season, and it is rarely possible to entice them on to the hand during the summer months.

Of our resident bird population chaffinches are the most numerous. They soon learn the first rudiments of tameness. They are always among the first to answer to the signal for food. Seated at our feet, they catch crumbs dropped into their mouths like terriers snapping up biscuits. Crumbs thrown into the air are caught by them with the easy dexterity of the fly-catcher. All this makes it matter for surprise that so few of them will venture to perch on the hand. This mark of confidence has this year been limited to

two of the cocks—one an old bird, the other a yearling of last season. Two years ago as many as four cocks would peck a crumb off the hand, though of these only one would remain steadily perched. These cocks are generally joined by two or three of the hens in the summer, when driven to provide for their hungry families.

If the chick is father to the bird in the same sense that the boy is father to the man, then our young chaffinches receive a training which should make them the tamest birds in the garden. As soon as they have left the nest they are taken by their parents and taught to beg for crumbs. It is a pretty sight to see the mother chaffinches, followed by their fluffy young ones, hopping fearlessly into the centre of a hollow square formed of three rows of people seated on garden benches in front of the house. Very quaint are the wheedling antics of these young birds as they sidle up to their parents, whining and rocking their bodies from side to side as they beg for food. Indeed, they do not hesitate to beg from other birds besides their parents.

I have seen a robin considerably embarrassed by the importunate begging of a hungry young chaffinch. To avoid him the robin was forced to keep turning round and round; but whenever he paused for a moment, to adjust his mouthful of cheese before bolting it, the irrepressible infant was in front of him, his breast pressed against that of the robin, his head thrown back, whining beseechingly as he opened his beak for the cheese. The robin, strangely enough, made no attempt to peck or buffet this helpless fledgeling, though we have seen adult chaffinches mercilessly punished by robins for presuming to approach them at meal-times.

During last July an exceptionally tame young cock chaffinch, when he had eaten his meal of nut, would remain perched on the hand and allow

himself to be stroked on the head and back by his benefactor.

It certainly cannot be said of the chaffinch that he does not advertise. Just when you are beginning to think that you have effectually snubbed him he will capture your attention by an original and startling manœuvre. You are suddenly aroused from your reading to the consciousness that a stone is on the point of striking you between the eyes. Up goes your arm to ward off the blow, and the stone, in the shape of a chaffinch, swerves aside and alights at your feet with a positive chuckle of impish glee.

In the summer, when the windows are open day and night, it is no uncommon experience to be roused from sleep at four o'clock in the morning by the piercing "tweet, tweet," of a chaffinch hopping about on the floor ringing his breakfast bell.

The hen chaffinches are greater favorites with us than the cocks. They are not so quarrelsome as the latter, and, with the exception of hand-perching, they are tamer. This summer an adult hen chaffinch has developed the most surprising tameness. Not only has she learnt to take the crumbs off the hand, but emulates the boldest of the robins in pecking crumbs from between the lips.

The most serious indictment against the cock chaffinch is his treatment of his wife. He is a most un gallant husband. Prominent among the domestic amenities of the pairing season is the custom which requires that the cock bird, when he has discovered a particularly choice morsel of food, should present some of it to his lady before he takes any for himself. In the exercise of this chivalrous attention all our tame birds, robins and tits, are most punctilious. Even if the hen be a tame bird she will stand aside in an attitude of expectant attention, whining and shuffling her wings, while the cock

takes a crumb from the hand and presents it to her. And not until she seems satisfied does he take any for himself. By the cock chaffinch this obvious duty is habitually and shamefully neglected.

Of all our tame birds the tiny cole-tit is by far the most intelligent and interesting. Among the mixed mob of birds assembled round the garden door in winter he is the most expert scrambler for crumbs. It is amusing to witness the stupid amazement of a burly blackbird or thrush when this pert little gamin dashes in and snaps a crumb from under his open beak. True, the robin usually secures the lion's share on such occasions; but this is due less to his agility than to his pre-eminence as a pugilist. His motto is that of a certain Lancashire football team: "Leave ball aloin and go for t'mon."

When a handful of crumbs is held out to a cole-tit, instead of taking the nearest, as any of the other birds would have done, he carefully selects the largest, passing over smaller ones that may be nearer to him, sometimes even dropping one crumb to replace it by another that on second thoughts seemed larger than the first.

Unlike his improvident cousins, the blue-tit and great-tit, the cole-tit displays an ant-like propensity for hoarding food. As soon as he has satisfied the cravings of hunger, which he does in a rapid and businesslike fashion, back he comes again, selects the largest crumb as usual, and then flies off, this time farther away, doubling in and out between the fruit trees and hedges as if to throw some bird-detective off his track. Finally he alights on a cabbage, drops the crumb into a crevice between the leaves, pokes it down with his beak, and returns to the hand by quite a different route, generally contriving to put some obstacle between you and him before he reappears. The same hiding tactics are

pursued on each subsequent journey. And indeed they are fully justified by the unprincipled conduct of some of his relatives, the blue-tits and great-tits. These mean thieves stand by on the watch to profit by his industry, and plunder his caches without scruple.

The provident little storekeeper attacks these pilferers with the utmost fury; but usually the hiding-places are so cleverly chosen as to baffle even an expert of his own family, unless the thief were close behind him. The favorite sites for such hiding-places are cabbages, box borders, and the thick foliage of the yew. The number of journeys a cole-tit will make to the hand for the purpose of laying in stores is only limited by the patience of his purveyor. In the course of twelve minutes one of these birds made sixteen journeys to my hand, hiding the crumb in a different place on each occasion. Unfortunately they are a scarce bird with us, not more than two pair being permanently resident in the garden; but of these three perch on the hand, though they never enter the house. Both pairs nest yearly in the garden, and of these one pair takes food for their young ones from the hand of a person standing close to the nest. When the young ones are fledged, however, they are carried off by their parents to the woods and apparently told to remain there, for their parents return without them.

With regard to the two remaining species of hand-perchers, great-tits and hedge-sparrows, there is little of interest to record.

Of the four representatives of the former family one only, a handsome cock, perches regularly on the hand. The other three, though they will come at a whistle to feed at our feet or on the window-sills, have hitherto obstinately declined further familiarities. But perhaps they do not meet with as much encouragement from us as the

other birds; for they are very destructive to bees, and may be seen in constant attendance on our bee-hives. Their bullying propensities, only too well known to aviary keepers, make them, moreover, an object of fear to the less warlike birds. Only that accomplished duellist, the robin, dares to exchange beak-thrusts with this terror of the aviaries. In a duel which took place on a window-sill here between a great-tit and a robin, the former was ignominiously pинked by his adversary, a tiny puncture in the dead bird's skull showing where the robin's point had got home.

Two years ago for the first time one of our most patient bird tamers succeeded in training a pair of hedge-sparrows to perch regularly on the hand. But alas! both have since fallen victims to cats. At present only two or three will venture to peck a crumb from the hand laid flat on the ground. In all other respects the remaining hedge-sparrows are almost as tame as any of the birds. Their excursions into the house, however, are limited to the ground floor when the door is open. During the summer they become very shy, and seldom come when called.

I shall conclude with a few suggestions for the benefit of those who may think of attempting experiments on the lines I have described. First, kill all your cats. I mention this rather as a counsel of greater perfection than because it is absolutely necessary. We keep two cats at present—a grudging concession to local pussophils; though I must confess to an itching sensation in the trigger-finger whenever I see them in the garden. Secondly, if you keep boys, confiscate their catapults. So much for predatory animals.

With regard to the method of feeding birds, it is of prime importance to feed regularly, once you have begun, especially when the winter is passing into

spring. Even a day or two of neglect makes a difference then. When it is desired to tame the tits the cheese or fat from the window-sill larders should be removed on a frosty morning and held in the hand.

As so much depends on example, one of the first requisites will be to secure the services of one or two tame robins as decoy-birds. As an instance of the influence of example in taming birds, I may mention that this spring a full-grown young missel-thrush, seeing

Pall Mall Magazine.

some chaffinches feeding on crumbs at the house door, flew up and joined them. From that day onwards he has been one of our most regular clients, even venturing at times to perch on the bench beside us. This is the first missel-thrush that has ever shown any symptoms of tameness.

Lastly, to conclude with a platitude, before all things you will require patience and perseverance. "Its dogged as does it."

Francis Irwin.

MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS.*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

XIX. THE LYCÉE PROFESSORS.

In order to pass from "Rettorica" to the *Lycée*, established this year in place of the two courses in Philosophy, we had to take a written examination in Greek, which amounted to little more than the declining of a few nouns; but it appeared that we wrote what I may call Garibaldian Greek, for we were nearly all of us conditioned. We found safety in numbers, however, for the Minister decided to admit us in a lump, with or without qualifications, rather than suffer the *Lycée* to stand empty.

And here, on its very threshold, I recall an admirable specimen of a curious type of Professor of Belles-Lettres, very numerous during that revolutionary period and which did not absolutely disappear with the unification of Italy. This was so signal an instance of those who spend their pay without earning it, who revel in gossip and shrink from all exertion, that I must needs yield to the temptation of drawing his portrait. He had come to our city that same year, corpulent and conceited, and endowed with a pretty

taste for doing nothing. His chair was that of Italian Literature, but of this he only made casual mention, the customary themes of his discourse being Italy and his own great deeds. Anything sufficed him as a pretext for talking about himself. He would begin with a line of Dante or a sentence of Machiavelli, and gradually, allowing one idea to lead another, and skilfully concealing his transitions, he would wind up by telling us how much he had paid for his boots, or by calling our attention to the beauty of his hand; for among his other delusions was that of fancying himself one of the handsomest men in Italy and he plumed himself on his resemblance to Gustavo Modena. When it came to politics he felt that no circumlocutions were necessary. He would come straight into the classroom, the *Diritto* in his hand, and read us the reports of the Deputies' speeches, assuring us at the same time that he did this, not because of their subject-matter, but for their literary form;—to direct our attention to the most eloquent and elegant phrases. However, he was quite ready to deliver a campaign speech

*Translated for *The Living Age*

between the sentences, in which he would malign the Ministry, which had done him infinite harm, and the Municipal Government which suffered local pedagogy to languish. When he had nothing to say about himself or his country, he would reluctantly read to us from the manuscript an abstract which he had once made of the history of Italian Literature. This abstract, he maintained, was a unique example of the *multum in parvo* and he had, in truth, condensed to such an extent that more than one century was condensed into four, or five pages—like attar of roses. His was an easy method and one which permitted rapid progress. The history of the universe could be acquired in a month, and all his work was equally “condensed.” He had been warning us, for some time, that he proposed to conduct a “journalistic campaign” against the Municipal Government and force them to transfer the *Lycée* to another site. At last he published anonymously in the local paper ten futile lines, and contented himself for the rest of the year with the simple announcement—“I have written, I have battled, I have thundered in the papers.”

The strange thing was that he really considered himself an indefatigable worker. Speaking as if from the depths of his conscience, and bringing his fist down heavily upon the table, he used to inform us, upon occasion, that we were monsters of ingratitude to show so little enthusiasm under a professor who devoted all his energies to his work;—who “sweated” and “kept vigil” and “shortened his life” for us. But for the rest he was of a jovial disposition and usually discoursed on cheerful themes;—very often of music, for in his youth he had played the violin. He recurred with great frequency to the *Barber of Seville*, for which he entertained a blind admiration; insomuch that whenever he came across the

word “beard,” in an Italian text, he always brought forward that opera and never failed to describe the incidents of its first representation at Rome, which again served him as a pretext for recounting the entire life of Rossini, who was to him as a god. And whatever might be the theme of his discourse,—himself, politics, music or literature, there always occurred, as at the end of a psalm, the same refrain,—a bitter wail, namely, over the niggardliness of his salary. “We are paid like coal-heavers,” he would growl. “It is a disgrace to a civilized nation! But no matter! We do our duty all the same.” And he would proceed with his “duty” after some such fashion as this:—“Well, as I was saying, the serenade of the Count of Almaviva was composed by Garcia the tenor. So then—”

XX. A PRICK OF CONSCIENCE.

The mathematical professor was a good fellow, with the round face of a jolly old monk. He might have enlivened his instruction by an occasional intermezzo, for he was said to have an excellent tenor voice and to sing with much spirit. Admirable, too, was our professor of Latin, a dry little man yet full of life, who spoke with an elegance and precision which made it seem as though he were reciting from memory lessons which had really been prepared and written down with the greatest care. But best of all was our professor of Philosophy. The bard of General Petitti had taken his harp to Turin, and the new-comer was his exact opposite; a man serious and self-contained, keen of intellect, concise and lucid of speech, who wrought the miracle of rendering easy to us the science most repulsive of all to human nature, and especially to boy nature, namely logic. Our professor of History I mention in order publicly to make amends for my conduct to him.

He was a thin young man, with a delicately cut, pale face, an amateur professor, I fancy, as were many in those days, who very likely read up from day to day the History that he taught. He had a harsh, unmusical voice, and his task was rendered doubly hard by his excessive timidity. But he always exerted himself to do his work as well as might be; he was pleasant with us and treated us as companions, and his teaching would certainly have been much more effective if we had given him the encouragement of our respect and sympathy. Instead we made perpetual game of him and turned the school-room into a torture chamber by our ill-mannered jests and low-bred insolence. And I was one of the worst. Even now I cannot explain my conduct, nor understand how I can have behaved so outrageously to one for whom I felt, all the while, a warm affection and something like filial reverence. I am glad to remember that I also entertained these sentiments for others who showed me no particular signs of good-will; as, for example, for the President of the *Lycée*, a priest distinguished alike by character and training, but who did not come into personal relations with us boys. This proves that I was not hopelessly bad at heart, yet no heart, as no house, is without its cobwebs. I must have had in my make-up a certain amount of malignity which had to find vent at all hazards and I basely let it loose against a kindly, weakly youth whom I knew to be incapable of retaliation. But I can truly say that I have paid the penalty, for, among the many juvenile offences for which conscience reproaches me, my treatment of that estimable professor is one of those which have caused me the keenest suffering. I seem to see again the expression of regretful amazement which crossed his face on a certain day—when I had been guilty of some special im-

pertinence, for which, however, he forebore openly to reproach me; and as often as the recollection recurs,—even now, after the lapse of all these years, I am both distressed and angry with myself, albeit from the way in which he nodded to me the last time we met, I felt sure that he had pardoned my offence. He was transferred to another city the following year and I never knew what became of him. I hope that he is still alive, and if by chance he reads this page, I beg him to believe that I was not dry-eyed when I penned it, and that during the whole forty years since I was his pupil I have always remembered him with genuine affection.

XXI. THE STUDENTS AT THE LYCÉE.

The pupils of that first year at the *Lycée* were many, and a considerable number of them did not belong to our city. Some of these last were huge fellows who could have flung the professors over their shoulders. Many came from a *Collegio Civico*, which was quite independent of the *Lycée*, and these wore a military cap, and on holidays sported a costume something like that of the *bersaglieri*. I remember that the most indefatigable students belonged to families in straitened circumstances, sons of small shopkeepers or peasant proprietors who had made great sacrifices to insure the admission of their sons into the liberal professions. All this goes to prove that in the scholastic as in the social field the most eager and stubborn combatant is he who desires to rise, not he whose only care is not to descend.

This was the class in which I formed my first enduring friendships; these are the friends whom all through my life I have been most glad to meet again, for it was only during this year that I began to be united to my fellow-pupils by intellectual ties. I rubbed shoulders, all one winter, with a future

Inspector of Mortgages,¹ a coming general, an embryo Bishop and the eventual Head of the very College of which he was then a student; as friendly with his comrades and as scrupulous in the observance of all regulations as he has since proved himself considerate of his inferiors and tactful in the exercise of authority. The general that was to be sat at the same desk with me, on my left. He was one of the most quiet and amiable fellows in the class, of robust build, with curly black hair, soft brown eyes, sparkling with life, and round red cheeks, into which, when he laughed, came two deep dimples which gave his face an expression of infantile good-nature. I can hear even yet the peculiar ring of his voice and see his full, red lips, which projected a little, like those of a mulatto, and whose every motion I used to watch when he stood up and recited his lesson to the professor. I used even to prompt him, as he did me when my turn came. Among the rest of us altercations often arose out of a difference of opinion on some literary matter or because a book was thrust under a desk instead of into it, and we would exchange very stinging repartees; but this never happened with him, thanks to his gentle and yielding nature, gay humor, and considerate manners. He belonged to the Collegio, and I have a vivid picture of him in my mind with his *bersagliere* cap set sideways upon his head, and the blue and red plumes that swept his already manly shoulder. Many a good laugh have we two had together, hiding our faces behind our comrades on the form in front of us while the professor of Italian Literature chanted his accustomed refrain out of the Barber of Seville; but such laughter, with its delicious flavor of forbidden fruit, becomes impossible from the moment

that there is no one present to forbid it. One day the professor made my friend recite the whole of Guidi's poem, "Alla Fortuna," a single line of which—"Africa trassi sub Tarpeio lativa" has remained fixed in my memory because in that one word Africa was foreshadowed the destiny of my dear friend Giovanni Arimondo.

XXII. THE COUNSELLOR'S BABY.

That same year I knew in his mere babyhood one destined to win renown in a far different field.

The government prefects and with them the counsellors of the prefecture, were continually changing in those days. In the few years which elapsed between the Crimean War and the liberation of Naples we had I know not how many in our little city. I have forgotten most of them except Bellati, who had acquired a certain literary reputation through an excellent translation of Paradise Lost, and a certain Counsellor from Lombardy, whose name I undoubtedly knew at the time, but it slipped my memory afterward, and only recurred at a much later date. The counsellor's wife, who was young and attractive, with frank, ingenuous manners, came repeatedly to our house to call on my mother, and always brought with her a little boy of three or four years. What I recall most clearly about this child are his brilliant eyes and curious little apple-shaped face with its retreating chin; also the nut-brown overcoat he wore, and in which he looked like the miniature of a grown man. I fancy I must have played with him on several occasions, in a condescending, elder-brotherly fashion, because grown-up calls are always such a bore to children. But I clearly remember the little personage and the caresses which my mother lavished upon him, and her compli-

¹ Conservatore delle ipoteche. We have no such office. (Translator.)

² I dragged guilty Africa to the Tarpeian rock.

ments on that wonderful overcoat, with its premature suggestion of the man of fashion. She, too, always remembered that singular garment. Had any one foretold the fate of that child, the influence which his pen would one day exercise over my own thought, and the agonizing suspense I should suffer on the occasion of one terrible crisis in his life, I should have considered my informant a subject for the strait waistcoat. Yet so it was. Thirty years later the Counsellor's baby (the father was afterward made Prefect) had become a bold and influential publicist, master of a marvellous dialectic, and a keen and pithy style; whose thoughts came fast and vivid as the flashes from a steel-armed cruiser;—the ring of whose phrases was like that of clashing swords. It was to him more than to any other that I owed my own conversion to the Idea to which he had dedicated his life and his powers. For that Idea he was brought before a court-martial with chains upon his wrists and led thence to a convict-prison, where he suffered a twelve years incarceration for a political offense equally repugnant to his nature and his reason. Not until long after I had come to know the man did I realize that the editor of the *Critica Sociale* and the child whom I remembered were one and the same; and it was my mother who suggested the idea by saying one day—"Do you suppose that the Turati whom they have condemned can be the son of the Counsellor whom we knew in '61?" How much stronger became the tie which bound me to him as friend and companion in the faith after the little nut-brown coat and the gray convict blouse were associated in my mind!

XXIII. THE SURRENDER OF GAETA.

The surrender of Gaeta, which took place in February of this year, rekindled our patriotic ardor, which had

smouldered for a while, without, however, increasing our enthusiasm for those military exercises which had once more been made obligatory on all the students in the kingdom. We had studied logic, and we professed ourselves ready to die for our country; yet we would not take our military drill seriously:—as though we could possibly have smitten the Austrians without first learning how to load a gun! I heard the great news about Gaeta at a comical moment, and after a fashion that afforded no little sport to the entire school. There was a certain private instructor whom we all knew by sight,—a venerable ass, tall as a telegraph-pole and so unbending a Conservative that he even lamented the fall of the Bourbons; but he was regarded with a certain awe by us boys, because he was usually seen upon the street accompanied by some youth who seemed to be a pupil, and whom he was apparently regaling with harmless anecdote or philosophic counsel. It so chanced that four or five of us *Lycée* fellows were standing near him before a *café* one evening after dinner and talking about Gaeta, the siege of which had now lasted three months. "Gaeta," said the instructor, with a compassionate smile—"Gaeta will not fall. Gaeta was never taken. Surely you remember so much! Review the course of history, my young friends! The barbarians were shattered in their onslaught upon it; Lombards and Saracens attacked it in vain. The French and the Spaniards occupied it, of course, but not by force of arms. Early in this century the Prince of Hesse-Philippsthal held it for six months against Massena and all his army. It needs other teeth than those of General Cialdini to crunch that bone! You may wait in vain for years, my dear children,—for years!" Just then a young employé in the Prefect's office dashed by, calling out as he passed us but

without slackening his pace, "Gaeta is taken!" With a unanimous "Ah-ha!" of triumph we all turned toward the professor to enjoy his confusion. He was really sublime. His countenance remained absolutely unchanged, not a single muscle moved;—you would have said that he had heard nothing. He took out of his pocket his blue snuff-stained handkerchief, blew his nose with the utmost tranquillity, looked above him and about, as if to judge of the weather, then said with his customary cheerfulness, "A rivederci, boys!" and turning on his heel walked quietly off with folded arms. It was his way of confronting adversity, and how disappointing we found it, may be guessed.

XXIV. A DANGER AND A CONTEST.

After the fall of Gaeta the events which affected us most deeply were the famous letter written by General Claldini to Garibaldi after the parliamentary fracas in April, and the death of Cavour. Although the radical section of the students held the victor of Castelfidardo in honor, no less for the rhythmical prose of his proclamations than for his military triumphs, that ill-judged letter, deeply tinged as it was with bitter jealousy and reading rather like an enemy's challenge than an opponent's warning, made our blood boil. We all believed that it would lead to a duel, and I well remember the fiery disputes we had at school with the government partisans and at the cafés with our friends the *bersagliieri*:—the sharp thrust and swift repartee. "It is a disgrace to the country." "A well merited reproof!" "We will take up the gauntlet!" "And we will fight you, with pleasure!" For one entire evening we pelted one another with menaces like these, all tending toward civil war, and pounded the tables with our fists till cups and glasses rattled; and I well remember the general feeling

of complete satisfaction caused by the quiet and dignified answer of Garibaldi, which brought the dispute and the peril it involved to an end. As for the death of Cavour, I am happy to say that even our Garibaldian triad, which had opposed his policy with such fury, mourned sincerely his loss. We had become somewhat reconciled to him by the marvellous speeches which he had delivered toward the end of March upon the Roman question. We had graciously recognized that his ability was indisputable, and that possibly, after his own fashion, he too had loved his country. His fashion was not ours, but we were honorable foes and admitted that he had rendered Italy no insignificant service, and that, for the moment, no one of equal calibre could be found to succeed him. "Party passion," we were wont to say, "shall not make us unjust." These were likewise the sentiments of our professor of Italian Literature, though he felt himself constrained, by his resemblance to Gustavo Modena, to adopt the creed of the extreme Left. Even he could admire the great minister in death, and was quite ready to give proof of his magnanimity by suspending the customary lessons and reading aloud to us in school most eloquent obituaries which appeared during those gloomy days. He did this,—or so he said, not merely by way of paying a proper tribute to the illustrious dead, but to instruct us in the style best adapted to funeral eulogies—which was a peculiar one, standing toward ordinary composition in the relation of sacred to dramatic music. He then cited Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and so came round naturally to the *Barber of Seville*.

XXV. MY FIRST STUDIES IN LANGUAGE.

During that same month of June a little incident occurred in my student

life which proved of great importance to me and which I note solely for the benefit of my fifteen year old readers, for whose behoof also I subjoin a few prefatory remarks.

Then, as now, our classical schools offered no proper instruction in Italian. The theory seemed to be that to know Italian a boy only needed to have been born in Italy. The scanty acquaintance with Italian authors which he gained by his ill-regulated, fragmentary and superficial reading of the same at home and at school, was deemed all-sufficient, and this notwithstanding the fact that here, as in all reading, the more the reader's thoughts are fixed upon the subject-matter the less attention will he give to the form of speech. Our teachers corrected the grosser errors in our themes, suggested in place of the mistaken locution the correct word or phrase, and at frequent intervals they advised us to read the best authors. This was actually the sum and substance of their instruction in a language which we had no means of acquiring save from their lips. Not that they could have taught us much, for they were all Piedmontese (probably it would have been the same had they come from any other district save Tuscany) and possessed a vocabulary not much richer than our own. They talked grammatical Italian and that was all. Apparently the notion never struck anybody that a boy who had not been born in Tuscany, still more if he had first seen the light at the foot of the Alps, could only learn Italian, which he never heard spoken about him, by studying it as he would have done a foreign language; acquiring by slow degrees a sufficient vocabulary and a certain number of phrases and constructions, which have to be fixed in the memory one by one, like so many dates and theorems. As the years went by, we learned to avoid certain blunders, but

we did nothing to enrich our vocabulary, and continued in the *Lycée* to work with pretty much the same linguistic material that we had acquired in the elementary schools. That is to say, we wrote a miserable kind of Italian:—colorless, halting, without power and without point; and we had no more conception of the difference between academic and familiar usage than so many Frenchmen or Spaniards, who might have picked up enough Italian from books to understand and make themselves understood without fear of ridicule.

I had reached this stage when my older brother gave me a look at Giusti's poems, in the Capolago edition, which had a preface by Correnti, and at the end a dictionary of Tuscan idioms. "You'd better read this," said he, "if you want to learn our language." Of Giusti I had read up to that time only the two or three poems to be found in my school "Readers." I now devoured them all, from the first word to the last, and with the keenest enjoyment. I can only compare the pleasure they afforded me with that which children feel when their first paint-box is given them or the first musical instrument put into their hands,—a pleasure purely artistic and, so to say, philological. I paid little heed to the political and satirical side of the poet, which I often found it hard to understand. My brain was fascinated by all the wealth of apt and informal expressions which I had never met before, the many ways of concluding a phrase or giving it emphasis; the bold constructions; the graceful and flexible interweaving of thought and thought; the profusion of gems which adorn his verse:—the veritable strings of pearls which he manipulates so deftly and lightly as to make them express a thousand thoughts, which to me would have been inexpressible, and resolve a thousand curi-

ous problems long simmering in my mind. Those words and phrases shone before my vision like flames of many hues: they sounded in my ear like a chorus of silvery voices; they imprinted themselves upon my memory and my very soul like the looks and lineaments of human creatures. One by one I turned them over and over in my mind, striving to discover their secret virtue; I delighted in detaching some telling phrase from the rest of the stanza, and gloating over the mere words, as I might have plucked the flowers from some blooming plant and breathed their perfume with my eyes shut. My intelligent love of language dates from my reading of that book. It was not stimulated by any conviction that I possessed the literary faculty, or by any hope that I might acquire it. At that time I had never given the matter a thought. Mine was the passion of the man who collects rare coins or lovely shells for the mere joy of looking at and handling them; who does not even think of showing them to his friends. I bought a big blank-book with stiff covers and began to take notes. I copied all the poems and transcribed the greater part of the vocabulary, and in a few days my book was full. The hours passed like minutes while I was engaged in this pleasant toil. I was really acquiring a new and marvellous language, of which up to that moment I had entertained but the most confused notions. It seemed to me as though I were learning language, music and pictorial art, all in one; and day by day as I pursued this entrancing study I was growing more intimately, more patriotically Italian. This conviction, even though at the time I was not fully conscious of it, counted for so much in my new passion.

sion that now for the first time I felt the need of correcting my pronunciation. There was among the *bersaglieri* a native of Siena, a corporal given to poetical improvisation, and with him I used to hold long conversations, for the express purpose of improving my accent. This matter of Italian pronunciation is another of the little things to which our teachers of Italian Literature never paid the smallest attention, permitting us, for example, to transform Petrarch's

Giovine donna sotto un fresco lauko
into

Giuvine dona soto un frasco lauro
without a word of correction.

Naturally, when once my passion for language had been excited, I did not stop at Giusti's last poem. I sought fresh fields and stumbled by chance on Guerrazzi, many of whose books I had already read, but only with the eye of the patriot bent on extracting invectives against tyranny, which might figure in my next "theme in the oratical manner." But now that I had acquired a taste for the imaginative and forceful style of Guerrazzi, I was not satisfied with copying out his words and phrases. I committed whole pages of his writings to memory and would recite them later to one of my school-mates, then a *Guerrazziano* by conviction, but now for fifteen years Mayor (*sindaco*) of the city. In these feats of the memory he was my rival and my conqueror, for he knew by heart all the finest passages of the "*Siege of Florence*," and would recite them in the most finished fashion. I then indulged in one of those transports of literary passion which corresponded to my extravagances in love. I went from Guerrazzi to Guadagnoli—!

Nuova Antologia.

(To be continued.)

THE LIMITATIONS OF LORD MACAULAY.

Nothing is perhaps more striking, even to the casual observer, than the fluctuations of literary fashion which succeed one another with such rapidity within what is generally known as intellectual society. In the more or less cultivated circles which do not pretend to exclusive literary illumination, such changes are, of course, far more gradual, though in the end more complete. The general reader (and by the general reader we do not mean the devotee of ephemeral fiction) is often, as Scotch people phrase it, "slow at the uptak"; but he is correspondingly loyal in his predilections. Unaffected by the short-lived shibboleths of esoteric culture, he goes on his quiet way, provincial or suburban; and, like other unfashionable people, has sometimes experience of the truth, that the whirligig of time brings its revenges. Captivated by Macaulay's great history on its first appearance, he has never wavered in his allegiance. Meanwhile, in more fastidious quarters, a brief fascination soon made way for the inevitable reaction; and the prejudice of Macaulay, his errors and his mannerisms, became the commonplace of journalism. Men without a tithe of his powers or of his information, could at least disparage both; and sneered complacently at his elaborate rhetoric and his Philistine views of life.

This phase, we are interested to learn, may be regarded as finished. In the brilliant little article on Macaulay which Mr. Paul contributed as long ago as March, 1900, to the *Anglo-Saxon Review*,¹ "the notion that Macaulay was shallow or superficial" is said to have "died . . . with Cotter

Morrison." A few months ago, it is true, in the page of pleasant chit-chat which Mr. Clement Shorter contributes to a contemporary, we seem to have recognized a few venerable charges; but perhaps, to adopt the useful formula of Mr. Kipling—"that is another story."

Meanwhile, no churlish censure disfigured Mr. Paul's own essay. The warmth and substantial justice of its eulogy, the happy touches of epigrammatic criticism with which it positively sparkles, must have excited the sincere gratitude of all lovers of Macaulay. But these excellences could not quite atone for a certain thinness of treatment. What Mr. Paul said was excellent; but he left so much unsaid. Mr. Paul, in fact, never seems to have grasped the deeper justification underlying certain charges, of which, in their superficial form, he made very short work.

Yet, on the face of it, how felicitous he is! How triumphantly he vindicates Macaulay's accuracy! confining the controversy, as in justice it must be confined, to those deliberate historical efforts which alone can evoke the strict canons of evidential virtue. How aptly he insists on the enormous range and minute precision of the documentary evidence upon which, as upon a structural framework, Macaulay's great history is founded! The subsequent discovery of subsidiary evidence may have enabled us to supplement, in some cases even to supersede, Macaulay's version of events; but in point of actual extent, his knowledge of later seventeenth-century authorities remains unsurpassed. And if, even in matters which fell within his possible cognizance, errors have been detected by the criticism of experts, or the

¹ And which has more recently become available, in a volume of collected essays, to those of us who are not millionaires.

righteous zeal of indignant partisans, it is the very vogue of his history² which has thrown into exaggerated relief these charges and corrections. Macaulay was, in fact, occasionally mistaken, as all historians are mistaken; for human accuracy is at best comparative. We are none of us infallible, not even the dullest of us; mathematicians may err, micologists have been known to nod; and the modest student of constitutional history watches, with a chastened awe, as erudite Germans and accomplished Englishmen, fiery Celts and staid Clivilians, drive their respective coaches and fours through the monumental hypotheses of Dr. Stubbs.

How appreciatively, again, Mr. Paul champions the robust political optimism which renders the works of Macaulay so bracing to a pessimistic age; how appropriately he dilates on the experimental knowledge of political life which preserved Macaulay from the pitfalls of the political theorist; how justly he applauds the lofty sense of moral rectitude which Macaulay carried not only into the academic walks of literature, but into the storm and stress of the actual political arena. Macaulay, politically speaking, was neither a pédant nor a prude; but he was, what we so seldom find, a man with the courage of his convictions. Strong in his political creed, he neither believed, nor affected to believe, that majorities are always right, nor mechanics exclusively virtuous. He flattered no one, and nothing—not even a mob; and he dared to warn his constituents, as a matter of principle, that he did not hold himself bound to subscribe to local charities.

Another passage in Mr. Paul's essay seems to suffer from the not uncommon fault of an illegitimate antithesis. Like most historical writers of the

present day, whatever their leanings, Mr. Paul draws a broad distinction between the literary and the unliterary, the picturesque and the scientific, the readable and the unreadable schools of history; and taking his own stand on the side of the artistic angels, "damns with faint praise" all scientific apostates from his canons of literary art.

But is not the antithesis, strictly speaking, double-barrelled; or even (if we admit so modern a simile), something of a logical "Mauser"? For literary and unliterary, picturesque and scientific, readable and unreadable are not necessarily convertible distinctions. Mr. Paul, in fact, is so convinced of the omnipotence of style that he ignores the fundamental differences of subject-matter. Theoretically he would hardly deny that history can be studied either comprehensively or piecemeal—to speak more by the book, either synthetically or analytically. History, in short, is equally history, whether it aims at a survey which, within certain limits of time and space, shall be practically complete and reconstructive; or whether it fix upon a single aspect or single department of human activity for more rigorous analysis. Moreover, in the latter case such aspect or such department must by its very nature be either popular or repellent, picturesque or the reverse. There are topics which, adequately treated, appeal at once to the instincts of the many. There are themes as important, but more abstruse, which, however handled, are necessarily restricted to the few. But men who add to knowledge a saving faith in that characteristic perfection of utterance which we agree to denominate "style," may be found in every field. Nor has either camp a monopoly of those misguided fanatics who appear to believe that as long as you have something to say it is immaterial

² As Macaulay has himself remarked of Burnet.

how you say it; and that a diction at once slovenly in construction and adorned by an appropriate "derangement of epitaphs" constitutes an adequate medium for the communication of truth. We do not, of course, deny that a history such as can assert a peculiar claim to the suffrage of the general reader—a history which aims at representing in its integrity, as an artistic whole, some period of salient interest or the career of an exceptional individual, must embody the loftier ambition and make the heavier demand upon those artistic and literary faculties for which it affords the supreme scope. For such works are necessarily defective unless they take account, among other data, of the picturesque externals of history—of those scenic aspects of individual and civic life which require for their reproduction a certain rhetorical faculty. Nor can they be said to attain success unless the writer possess that touch of genius which enables him to discriminate the finer shades of thought and feeling, while yet casting into bold relief the salient outlines of his subject; which enables him to revive the passions with the actions of the past, and to create for us the most elusive of literary effects, an historical atmosphere. Those of us, therefore, who are wanting in literary genius may appropriately confine ourselves to those more modest tasks, which expose our powers of expression to a less exacting trial. A catena of documents, the dissection of dubious evidence, or the naked severity of an analytical monograph require little more of their exponents than propriety of arrangement and that apt simplicity of language which good taste demands; and we can all, if we take sufficient pains, write English which shall be at least accurate, lucid and scholarly. But language, however lucid, however scholarly—we may add, however brilliant—cannot popularize

that which in its essence appeals to the restricted sympathies and exceptional knowledge of the expert. Take Mr. Paul's own bugbear, Bishop Stubbs himself. We do not wish to dispute the undoubted fact that his *Constitutional History* is one of the worst constructed works which this long-suffering language can boast; but how can a Constitutional history, at its best, be either popular or picturesque? Its distinctive topic, the development of institutions, does not appeal to the multitude. Tallages afford no scope to the descriptive faculty; it is difficult to infuse a strong human interest into the origin of burgage tenures; while the most brilliant rhetoric could not cast a glamour over the Statute of *Præmunire*. Dr. Stubbs might have written "like an angel" or a Burke—or rather (to employ Mr. Paul's own more modest comparison) he might have always written with the admirable force which occasional passages display, and his great work would still be "caviare to the general." Its perusal would still be confined to professional experts, and to the hapless young persons who, lured by the faint receding hope of a first class in the history finals, plod their weary way through those three portentous volumes.

But why, in the name of wonder, oppose the two schools? Are they not complementary? Is there not room for both? Can any of us afford to deny that the abstract elucidation of special departments is an admirable work, by which the general historian is the first to profit? The anatomist in this world has his task no less than the painter. It is, of course, in the strictest sense of the word, a very narrow task. The dry bones of purely abstract history will no doubt remain dry bones to the end of time, unless clothed and inspired by the historic imagination. Still, some of us take an interest in

skeletons; and others, though less austere in their tastes, prefer to wield the wand of inspiration for themselves. But whether we personally affect the studio or the dissecting-room, to disparage either seems petty. We might all take a metaphorical lesson from the magnificent canvas on which one of the first among artists has immortalized "The Anatomy Lesson"; and Macaulay, the least barren of historians, could devote an appreciative essay to the apotheosis of Hallam.

But waiving these general considerations, let us start from the admitted premise, that Lord Macaulay, at all events, aimed at no abstract, that is to say, no merely partial representation of his period. In his great historical fragment he professes to give the most complete and most dramatic rendering possible of a supreme historical episode. He aimed, in fact, to some extent, at a new historical departure. His work, so he determined, should combine that minute elaboration of vivid detail which we find in the best memoirs, with the unity of treatment and effect which belongs to an Attic masterpiece. Based upon the perhaps somewhat exaggerated conception of a secular duel, in which two great political parties should be the protagonists, it was to unite a certain epic splendor with the documentary precision which modern criticism requires. His magic crystal should revive for us not merely the men or the manners, the events or the controversies of the past, but men and manners, events and controversies, as a simple, yet manifold, dramatic whole; with the unity, the glow, the vigor, the movement of life still fresh upon them. Anything, therefore, which at all detracts from the completeness of the picture, detracts in so far from the truth, and therefore from the success, of this magnificent effort.

We thus pass at once to the vexed

question of Macaulay's political bias; and here it is, as appears to us, that Mr. Paul loses his footing. With his initial assertion we are indeed at one; the mere fact that Macaulay was in public life definitely and even passionately committed to the interests of a political cause, though in some respects, of course, detrimental to the interests of historic truth, was in others as advantageous to the general fidelity of his representation. The enthusiast, at least, escapes the moral arrogance of the political pedant, and it is only the political partisan who can fully appreciate the compelling force of political passion. No historian who had not shared the hopes and fears of a party could have painted for us, as Macaulay has painted, the alternations of suspense and exultation which marked the trial of the Seven Bishops or the debates of the Convention; and there is a sustained ardor in his long-drawn historical narrative which it had certainly lacked if Macaulay had not written with his heart as well as his head.

But, apart from this parenthetical consideration, we must (as Mr. Paul so aptly reminds us) never allow ourselves to forget that in Macaulay the stream of political prejudice was diverted by a variety of powerful motives. His strong instinctive love of justice, and his hatred of persecution, assisted the healthy common-sense of an active man of affairs; while the pure impartial curiosity of the historic intellect, no less than the lawyer's characteristic liking for "the best evidence," still further tended to repress in him the excesses of party zeal. Counsel for the Whig defence, secured by the honorable retainers of sympathy and conviction, he was emphatically an honest advocate. Sheer, and occasionally almost brutal force, rather than the tricks of the fencing school, was his intellectual equipment; there was no venom in his logical weapons;

and the stiletto he abhorred. The assertion that Macaulay never admits the Whigs to be in the wrong does, as Mr. Paul so justly observes, in itself involve an admission of ignorance; and whenever some knotty question of evidence has roused all the lawyer in Macaulay, he throws himself into the discussion with the penetrating acumen of an examining judge. His partiality is not deliberate, but instinctive; not the partiality which distorts evidence, but the partiality which, when in doubt, gives its own side the benefit. Upon the excesses of the Whig connection he is properly severe. Wharton, the most consistent Whig partisan of his era, plays in the pages of Macaulay no reputable part. Sunderland closed his serpentine career in the odor of Whig sanctity; but for him Macaulay has no reserves of mercy. Marlborough became the rallying point of the Whigs under Queen Anne; but, as regards Marlborough, Mr. Paul has only to clear Macaulay from the charge of excessive severity. The portrait of Burnet, usually regarded as the distinctively Whig historian, if a little superficial, and in one respect mistaken, is at least conspicuously fair; and Mr. Paul has an apt allusion to the warm appreciation which Macaulay invariably bestowed upon the saintly non-juror Ken. The "Trimmer" whom Macaulay glorifies was neither Whig nor partisan; and even William III. comes under the same negative definition. In fact, Macaulay respected honesty of purpose wherever he met it, and had a corresponding contempt for a hypocrite, whatever his colors; nor, till naturalistic science has taught us to regard moral abortion with the respectful sympathy now reserved for physical deformity, is it easy to condemn so generous a partiality. That Macaulay now and then impairs the real balance of an estimate by that touch of rhetorical emphasis which speaks the prac-

tised debater, is certainly true; nor are we concerned to deny that his virtuous indignation flows rather more readily when the culprit is a Tory. The stern extorted severity which he metes to the Massacre of Glencoe, may be compared with the more picturesque and voluble indignation reserved for the Bloody Assize. The Rye House conspiracy evokes a reluctant blame less animated than the reprobation which denounces the Fenwick murder plot. The agonies of recalcitrant Covenanters excite a more exuberant sympathy than the torture of Neville Paine; and the journalistic atrocities of the Whigs are less severely censured than the scurrilities of the Jacobite gutter-Press. But in these incidental results of political prepossession, we can easily "allow for the political equation"; since few of us can entirely subordinate our natural sense of proportion to the estimate of another mind.

But beneath the charge of political prejudice there lurks, as it were concealed, a yet deeper issue. On page 298 of Mr. Paul's little volume, we detect a modest admission, casually and even parenthetically introduced, which appears to involve much more than Mr. Paul would willingly concede. "*Imagination*," allows Mr. Paul (and the italics are our own), "*was not Macaulay's strong point*."

Alike to Macaulay's admirers and to the detractors whom, despite Mr. Paul, we still believe him to possess, this axiom will appear paradoxical. "Macaulay unimaginative" (his critics might exclaim); "Macaulay, to whom we owe the finest extant specimen of the Historical Romance!" No less prompt would be the retort of his disciples, "Macaulay unimaginative! Macaulay, who has evoked for us, with a vividness which Scott never surpassed, the pageantries of old—the great dramatic crises of history—the customs of the past—the lineaments, the very gar-

ments of our fathers! Macaulay, to whom we owe the death-bed of Charles II. and the flight of the second James—the execution of Monmouth, and the proclamation of William and Mary—the siege of Derry, and the last fight of Dundee!" But the context interprets Mr. Paul; and the whole tenor of Macaulay's history lends a sweeping and almost crushing significance to the charge so lightly made. For Macaulay was in fact essentially unimaginative, in the most penetrating sense of the word. With the sensuous pictorial imagination which evokes color and form, sound and movement from the recesses of our slumbering fancy, he was indeed triumphantly endowed; but of the delicate intellectual tact—the sympathetic power of emotional or intellectual response which enables a man to discern, and so to interpret the sources of character and action, he had not a trace. In an historian of Macaulay's pretensions is not the defect somewhat serious?

For what does the charge involve? It involves the assertion that in one qualification, and that among the most essential of qualifications for his own avowed purpose, Macaulay is conspicuously wanting. He aimed at the highest possible ideal of complete historical representation; that is, at the most complete, and therefore most perfect, embodiment of historical truth. It was a magnificent ambition; but an ambition that required for its fulfilment the combined powers of a Thucydides, a Boswell and a Browning—or even a Shakespeare. It needed an intellect in which an Attic sense of form should be superadded to the dramatic sympathy which gave us Pym, and Strafford and Lady Carlisle, Cleon and Caliban, the monks of the Spanish convent and the Jews of the Roman Sermon; it needed at the very least an intellect such as this to paint for us that witches' cauldron of bigotry and greed,

piety and passion, treachery and self-devotion, patriotism, petty fear and iron determination, which we call "The English Revolution." And to the man who planned the stupendous project, the supreme indispensable gift of imaginative insight was emphatically denied. The transcendent abilities with which he was endowed; his vast erudition; his untiring industry; the easy flow of that vivid and incisive style which possesses, to a greater extent than that of any other English writer, the attribute of a supreme vitality; his extraordinary power of verbal description, his genius for narrative and the masterly ease with which he manipulates the smallest as well as the largest items of available knowledge into the smooth and polished magnificence of a mosaic whole—these all give a specious air of organic coherence to his versions of character and motive, which deceives the unwary. But these versions are all essentially vitiated by an absence of the power which comprehends. For Macaulay's nature, like other men's, had its limitations; and he had nothing which enabled him to transcend them, even in thought. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that no man ever lived who combined wider interests, and a more vivid and intense intellectual curiosity, with intellectual sympathies equally restricted; nor one who united so great a power of dramatic representation, with so total a lack of that dramatic insight which lifts melodrama into tragedy, and raises the merely accurate and effective to the level of the essentially true. His characters act, talk, gesticulate; they do everything but live. In the puppet show he displays for us every part is so fully represented, every scene is so duly played, that it is long ere we grasp the startling truth that the actors are but literary marionettes. But when, as occasionally happens, we are compelled to study for ourselves

some epoch, some character which has employed his vigorous pen, his personages (seen anew in the broken, shifting lights of actual contemporary evidence) gradually assume in our minds an aspect strangely altered; they become less theatrical and less commonplace—more complex, and therefore more human. Slowly we begin to suspect that the *personae* of his grandiose drama are but broad conventional renderings of historical prototypes. The coloring is always brilliant, the likeness is in general superficially correct, and the career and surroundings are invariably sketched with astonishing fidelity; but of the men and their motives we have received but an imperfect or distorted impression.

If we ask in what direction this defect most prominently appears, the answer is simple enough. Of all the more delicate and recondite phases of human thought and human emotion, Macaulay seems to have been himself devoid; and he failed to recognize their existence elsewhere. His own mind was super-eminently healthy; he could not even guess at the workings of a mind abnormal or overstrained. His own judgment was clear, sane and practical; he could not apprehend the peculiar difficulties of intellects more logical or more subtle. His religious views, so far as he ever expressed them, were simple, and mainly ethical in their bearing; he had a lofty impartial contempt for metaphysics and mystics, and was intellectually incapable of appreciating the enthusiasm of a Quaker, or the scruples of the Anglican non-juror.

Here a protest may be raised. We do not, men may indignantly exclaim, demand from an historian the morbid psychology of a modern "problem" novel. Nor can we expect him to emulate our agreeable American contemporary who can devote a volume to explaining "how a gentleman met a

lady on the cars and how nothing came of it." His business is with external facts, with broad practical issues; we do not ask from him the nice-ties of sentimental introspection.

I am not, of course, concerned to deny that the study of motive may become morbid. But after all, motive counts for something, even in the baldest annals; and Macaulay is anything but bald. An historian who emulates the minute prolixity of the novel, must accept its responsibilities; and no novel can be really great which is not, *inter alia*, great in its grasp of character. If the novelist portrays or creates, the historian must to some extent "restore"; there are gaps in historical evidence which must perforce be filled if the picture is to be in any way complete; and only imaginative insight can teach one the nature of the curve whereof he sees but a segment. The inability to perceive the real springs of character and motive, and their true correlation, is in fact the fatal flaw in Macaulay; it is with regard to the portraiture, whether of persons or parties, and not in the mere handling of incident, that his limitations really tell. Readers of Burnet's history must often have remarked a certain incoherence which mars its delineation of character. The features are striking; but they are grouped without method; and we gaze at them bewildered, with no central point of view. In the case of Macaulay, there is more coherence; but we feel, as it were, that the point of view is radically false. The perspective is clear, but incorrect; the lines do not really converge at the point which Macaulay indicates. For there is in Macaulay, as already hinted, an excessive love of simplification; he everywhere betrays passion for the obvious in motive; an inherent tendency to regard every character as a complex of ordinary energies mixed in various proportions.

It was, we think, Lord Melbourne who wished he was as cocksure of anything as Tom Macaulay was cocksure of everything; and most of us, as we struggle through the obscure mazes of this complicated world, must find ourselves occasionally wishing that the most elementary human transaction, the simplest human character, could have something of that fallacious lucidity which Macaulay communicates to the supreme problems of existence. But we are sometimes consoled for our bewilderment when a closer study reveals to us the essential discrepancies of statement over which Macaulay glides, by the simple rhetorical device of ignoring their existence. For Macaulay's characters are either incredibly simple or unconvincingly elaborate. There is about them an inevitably transpontine flavor; for, like the rest of us, where Macaulay does not understand he necessarily parodies; and we find in him, as in Dickens (though for Macaulay it was kept in check by a finer literary taste), that decided tendency towards the exaggeration of salient detail which results in caricature.³ And the process is assisted by the curious readiness with which Macaulay (so precise in his use of contemporary evidence where incident is concerned), could assimilate and reproduce in an historical portrait the picturesque mendacities of contemporary scandal.

Our contentions, we admit, may be reasonably challenged if we do not descend to particulars. We have already touched on the strict, though not ignoble limitations, which confined his religious sympathies; his utter incapacity for entering into the mystic or metaphysical development of the religious instinct. But metaphysicians and mystics, to go no further in our search, were politically influential dur-

ing the later seventeenth century; and Macaulay's complete want of intellectual sympathy with the cravings of these two classes must so far certainly affect the fidelity of his general representations. What light, let us ask, for instance, does Macaulay throw on William Penn, and the entire Quaker movement? The episode of the *Mails of Taunton*, of which so much has been made, is a mere case of disputed identity in which Macaulay happens to be wrong; and, though serious as regards the issues involved, it is in principle unimportant. But how little, after reading his history, do we grasp the essential character of the Quaker politician! Courtier and "adventurer," mystic and radical reformer—a peaceful, spiritual Jacobin, and the father of a political State; a religious confessor, in whom religious enthusiasm was tempered by a shrewd leaven of worldly sagacity; a "bigot for toleration" who played into the hands of a militant Jesuitism—he seems to offer a splendid "subject" for historical portraiture; but in Macaulay's hands he becomes merely a mild moral monstrosity—a haphazard personal amalgam of irreconcilable qualities. How completely, too, Macaulay ignores the real genesis, the inherent fascinations of the purely spiritualistic reaction from which Quakerism sprung! How little he grasped the metaphysical insight which underlay the uncouth eccentricities and grotesque phraseology, the almost insane fanaticism of George Fox! How entirely he misapprehended the true drift, the true force, the true weakness of that anarchic mysticism which yet has never become antinomian—of that anti-formalistic enthusiasm which, more than any other fervor, became identified with external (though negative) symbols. Yet for Quakers, and Quakerism in the ab-

³ See in James Ferguson's "Ferguson, the Plotter," a curious instance of details which

Macaulay borrowed from a proclamation and in borrowing almost burlesqued.

stract, Macaulay had, no doubt, a very sincere respect; and his personal and political association with members of their sect, rendered him, of course, anxious to appreciate their convictions and their founder. He simply could not comprehend the Quaker standpoint, and his honest intentions are consequently frustrated.

But, it may be urged, this is an extreme case. The Quaker, we may be told, is a pious anomaly, a departure from all those established data of religious sectarianism upon which politicians learn to reckon; and the part played by the sect during the seventeenth century is too small to render a want of understanding historically important. We should not acknowledge the cogency of this argument; but we are willing to accept a challenge upon a far wider issue. We will no longer lay stress upon purely religious portraiture; Macaulay's incapacity for revealing the springs of a character can be illustrated by a few salient examples on which he has spent all his skill. We will pass over the portraits of James II. and his Queen. We will not insist on the argument that readers to whom the letters of James II., and the remaining fragments of his Memoirs, are tolerably familiar, cannot recognize his certainly unattractive individuality in the blustering stage tyrant of Macaulay's canvas. We will not dwell on the fact that the handsome virtuous termagant of Macaulay's pages is but a coarsened caricature of the real Mary of Modena. We will go straight to the central figures of his history; can we accept his William III. or his Mary II., as either historically convincing or historically final?

In saying this, we of course remember that as regards William III. Macaulay had peculiar advantages from which his critic is debarred, in his intimate acquaintance with the Bentinck

Correspondence. But while this correspondence no doubt illustrated the most amiable aspect of William's private character, it cannot reverse the political verdict, which depends on more public manifestations. Nor do we, again, mean to suggest that Macaulay actually over-estimated either his hero or his heroine. In certain respects, as most men would admit, the eulogy of William III. cannot be overstated; to us he is not the "second-rate Dutchman" of Mr. Paul's quotation, but the one supremely impressive figure of his own political generation. For sheer force of character it would be difficult to find his equal, look where we will; and his "die in the last ditch" is the watchword of the indomitable spirit. Nor can we sufficiently admire that juxtaposition of the intrinsically despotic temper which is but one manifestation of intense will-power, with an unflinching respect for covenanted political obligations, even when they galled him the most. A man naturally autocratic, and in practice indifferent to all interests save one, he yet recognized, and loyally, if somewhat grudgingly, observed the legal restrictions which surround the *Stadtholder of a Republic*, the King of a constitutional realm. In neither form of government had he much belief, though his good sense admitted the value of popular co-operation; for neither had he any real liking, despite a certain inherited pride in the fabric his ancestors had reared. But he had sworn to respect their limitations; and his worst enemies must acknowledge that in the letter, at least, if not always in the spirit, *Pactum Servabat*.

Intellectually speaking, moreover, he, in one department, certainly displayed first-rate ability. In war, as Macaulay candidly admits, he never rose above the second rank; but our historian does not certainly exaggerate the diplomatic genius, which, unaided

by a single diplomatic grace, dominated for thirty years the politics of a continent. We must allow, however, that, international politics apart, it is difficult to credit William with the instincts of constructive statesmanship. One single gigantic aim—opposition to French ambition—gave an impressive unity to his career; but it was a unity obtained by a resolute sacrifice of all subordinate issues. Even as regards the question of Toleration he was not theoretically in advance of his age. The experience of Holland had taught him to urge, upon a larger stage, the political use of religious toleration. It was, he saw, a means of releasing and concentrating on national issues the energies which else would be suppressed or diverted into channels of intestine discord. Nor had he the religious fervor which so hardly acquiesces in this lesson of public convenience, reinforced though it be by the teaching of Christ. For to the claims of personal religion William, though not hostile, was yet certainly indifferent; at least until the shock of his wife's death touched the springs of religious emotion. His Protestantism was the purely political attachment to a cause round which centred the traditions of his house; and his belief in predestination argued no more piety than Napoleon's confidence in his star. But, even should we concede the apparent superiority of his ecclesiastical policy, in other respects he never appears to have dreamed that either the United Provinces or this country could possess a political interest which might rank even second in importance to the Continental struggle. For commerce or trade, for the Colonies or the details of administration, he cared absolutely nothing; and the constitutional struggles of the day, save when they trespassed on his own prerogatives, seemed to him merely the contest of the Frogs and Mice. It is not even

perfectly clear whether the one dominating political idea (the one passion, we might almost call it) of his life had any very close relation to a disinterested patriotism. William of Orange hated France, perhaps more intensely than he loved Holland; certainly more than he loved her people. Their sufferings moved him little; and we incline to lay considerable stress on the strange tradition which credits him with practically anticipating the cynical motto of Louis XV. It may be permissible to doubt whether his patriotism was more than another name for the supreme effort of personal arrogance; for an impassioned pride in the task, to which his house owed its European importance. A Stadholder, the descendant of Stadholders who had foiled the greatness of Spain, could he, whatever the extremity, face the loss of that proud position? And if William's regard for Holland had in it something of alloy, his attitude towards England was one of cynical simplicity. To the shackles of her constitution he conceded indeed, as we have already admitted, the tribute of a strict, if impatient fidelity; but for her interests, her sentiments, her happiness, or her liberties, he cared no whit more than he was absolutely compelled. In his eyes she was merely a valuable asset in the resources of international rivalry—a piece of supreme importance on the chess-board of Continental strife. The Revolution was a dexterous move which brought her energies out of check, and administered a check as effective to his royal antagonist of France. Macaulay, in the powerful study of William's character which occupies the seventh chapter of his history, almost admits as much. But it is with Macaulay a subordinate thesis, unceasingly worked out in the subsequent chapters of his work, that William, though he never loved England and though his inter-

ests were rooted elsewhere, did harbor in the second place a disinterested moral enthusiasm for the faith and freedom of this country; and it is this pious opinion which so signally impairs the reality of Macaulay's portrait. The present writer, having occasion to investigate, somewhat exhaustively, the ultimate objects of the various contracting parties to the expedition of 1688, once analyzed with minute attention Macaulay's account of the preceding intrigues; and was startled to find how incongruous are Macaulay's premises and the incidents which he relates with a conscientious prolixity and a serene absence of comment. For to Macaulay the "declaration" of 1688 expresses the real mind of William; while in point of actual fact the "declaration" expressed not the motives of the Prince, but the sentiments of those English allies whose overtures gave him his pretext. The object of William was one which did not and could not appear in a document of this nature; namely, to obtain so commanding an influence over the internal economy of England as should enable him to force her energies into line with the great European coalition. The English Revolutionists of 1688 (though more successful in effect) were, in fact, as truly instruments in the Continental schemes of a powerful intelligence as the Johannesburg reformers of 1896.

We do not of course mean to place the two incidents on a level; for the three most repellent features of the Jameson Raid were certainly absent

from the earlier intrigue.⁴ But the relative positions of the contracting parties were curiously similar; and had the Jameson Raid (contrary to all the canons of probability) actually succeeded, the sequel in either case had no doubt borne considerable resemblance. The Prince of Orange, as we know, soon informed his startled followers, in fashion trenchant though indirect, that he had no intention of becoming his wife's gentleman usher; while Mr. Rhodes intimated to the world, with a candor equally drastic, that he did not work in the interests of a President J. B. Robinson. King William, we are aware, did not find the throne of England exactly a bed of roses; and a President Cecil Rhodes, endowed with less constitutional scruples than his prototype, had no doubt found deluded Reformers as recalcitrant and as embittered as did William the outwitted Tories and the disillusioned Whigs of 1689. Macaulay, as we know, has frequently and bitterly censured the perfidy and the ingratitude which dogged the steps of the "deliverer." For the perfidy there is no excuse save this, that William, however reluctantly, had encouraged similar treachery in the person of Churchill. The charge of ingratitude is a little beside the mark, if we mean political, not personal, ingratitude. We hold no brief for the Opposition grandees, of whom most were sordidly unscrupulous. But the disappointed personal pretensions which account for the defection of the basest among the Jacobite "rats," do not entirely cover

*1. England was no dependency of the United Provinces, to which the States had guaranteed an internal autonomy, while retaining a suzerainty which gave ample facilities for legitimate intervention (or in the end, for forcible intervention), in the event of an evasion of the terms originally settled; and which rendered a sudden inroad, unpreceded by anything in the nature of warning, an act so peculiarly unwarrantable.

2. We trace in William of Orange, as si-

ready noted, the strong constitutional loyalty in which Mr. Rhodes was certainly deficient. His great expedition was not undertaken in unscrupulous defiance of William's principals, the Legislative, executive, and people of the United Provinces, but with their explicit consent.

3. William III. had previously exhausted the efforts of diplomacy in an effort to settle the differences between James II. and his people on a reasonable basis.

the ground. It was a disbelief in William's moral honesty of purpose—a disbelief which William had done very much to foster, from which the Jacobite reaction drew its noblest proselytes. For William, though he carried into effect the details of a distasteful bargain, had entered upon the intrigue from unavowed and unavowable motives. Men soon recognized the very narrow limits of his concern for English well-being; they realized (in the witty language of Lord Halifax) that he only took England on the way to France; and William, it must be confessed, did his best to deepen the impression. Ready as he was to sacrifice, in the interests of his own supreme political ideal, both his own lesser interests and the passions and lesser interests of his subjects, he could hardly be induced to surrender, to the most legitimate expression of national desire or national resentment, a single political convenience, a single personal whim. The initial indifference which he displayed for the national interests in Ireland; his readiness to assist in debauching yet further the lax political morality of his age, by employing, in the interests of an unpopular policy, the discreditable and discredited resource of pecuniary corruption; his re-employment of Ministers branded with the political infamy of a Sunderland or a Dalrymple; his ostentatious preference of his own countrymen; the lavish expenditure of money, practically public, on Dutch favorites, or a discarded mistress, showed clearly enough, that in matters of political morality, William was in no whit more squeamish than the majority of his contemporaries. It was therefore scarcely surprising that men should be inclined to deny him that comparative purity of political motive which could alone legitimatize his enterprise; that in the revulsion of the moment they should credit him with

the mere vulgar ambition for the external trappings of royalty, of which he was certainly devoid, and to which his relation towards his predecessor must have lent so sinister a character. Nor did men always realize, as posterity has recognized, that his interest, if not his sentiments, identified him in the main points of policy with national aspirations.

The fact is, that Macaulay has transferred motives, and has credited William with the pure impersonal zeal for faith and country which certainly animated his wife. Of Queen Mary herself, meanwhile, Macaulay had formed a very imperfect impression. The recent publication of her private papers has cast a light, which Macaulay, of course, lacked, upon a noble and pathetic figure; but he had her letters, and Burnet's fine rhapsody, and numerous significant touches in contemporary memoirs. Yet his picture is in its essence little more than the conventional portrait of the virtuous matron:—

The prudent partner of his blood
Leaned on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

He paints her amiable, gracious, naturally intelligent, yet imperfectly educated, and fond "almost to idolatry"; and such she certainly was; but the description does scant justice to the more characteristic features of a remarkable individuality, and of the trials to which it was exposed. For the course of her married life had not, in reality, the almost idyllic character which Macaulay imparts to it. A marriage of political convenience of which the initial coldness soon merges into a romantic attachment, is a theme worn threadbare by fiction, and not (let us hope) unknown in the more sober realms of fact. But the relations of Mary to her husband had about them a dramatic complexity which Macau-

lay has not recognized. It was no case of a mere temporary alienation. It is the history of a generous woman, reluctantly united, while yet almost a child, to a cold repellent bridegroom; fretting her youth away under neglect, harshness, and a jealousy of her political pretensions, which, in a lesser man, could only have been called petty. Lonely and childless, she finds comfort in study and religion; and learns, by sheer force of personal rectitude and her own high aspiration, to recognize, and even to idealize, the moral and intellectual stature of her unresponsive partner.

We see her gradually devoting herself to his person and his interests, with a passion which overlooked her outstanding wrongs; and preserving meanwhile a serenity of judgment which refused to condone the errors which she did not resent. For her understanding (despite Macaulay) was emphatically not "subjugated by that of her husband"; who (though duly sensible of her virtue) seems to have lived with her nearly ten years ere he discovered that she had any intelligence to subjugate; and to have consistently relied meanwhile upon the simpler expedient of command. Her most striking peculiarity is, indeed, the union of unaffected humility, unaffected piety, and unaffected external submission to her husband's will, with a self-reliance of private judgment, rare in a woman so young, and, we may add, so devout. We see her at length, by the process of events, compelled to take that active part in public affairs from which her husband's jealousy and her own principles had hitherto so rigidly excluded her; and, despite her inexperience, entering into the spirit of business like a true grandchild of Chancellor Clarendon. To political originality she has, indeed, no claim; and, in fact, her own scrupulous self-effacement in her husband's

favor left her scarcely more initiative than falls to a modern constitutional sovereign. In truth, the character of her intellect, broad, sane and practical, rather than brilliant or profound; her union of exalted sentiment with shrewd common sense—the trend of her religious sympathies and the bracing influence of a strain of moral puritanism, dissociated from the more repellent features of the puritan ideal—an unswerving moral courage which, underlying the instinctive physical timidity of the woman, could present a bold front even to physical danger—her womanly tact, and her more than manly veracity, recall to our minds a later and a happier Sovereign. Nor is it too much to say that Mary, during her four years of intermittent rule, was the one leading politician of her nation whose political conduct was absolutely disinterested; and in whose eyes the fortunes, even of her husband, stood second to higher issues. And she had in some degree the reward she would most have coveted; her abilities and her self-devotion did slowly wrest from the obstinate heart of her husband the admiring, and even the passionate affection which youth and beauty had failed to conciliate; and which, to the end, could not break less legitimate ties. We see her, none the less, grown increasingly weary; welcoming, with pathetic eagerness—for which, as for a sin, she repented—the hope of an early death, and, finally, at the age of thirty-five, thankfully accept her summons, devoted, self-sacrificed, silent to the last. Silent to the world, to her husband, even to herself, upon the wrongs which had most strongly touched her affections and her pride; yet leaving behind her the last solemn letter of admonition which wrung from her overwhelmed and remorseful husband the sacrifice he had refused to her in life. For with the death of Queen Mary the intrigue be-

tween her husband and Elizabeth Villiers abruptly terminates.

The theme, by its dramatic pathos, has carried us too far; for the essential relations between William and Mary are rather of human interest than of political import. We but touch upon them to show of what impressive material Macaulay has deprived his pages, by his inability to follow the more delicate clues of character. Can we identify an episode of this pathetic experience in the fluent pages of his history? The incidents so baldly sketched in the above paragraph are traceable in works which lay open to Macaulay as to our own contemporaries; but, blinded by his own confident misreadings of the principal characters, he did not see the fainter indications visible between the lines. And in so crucial an instance lies the measure of Macaulay's limitations. If he has failed in the portraiture to which he devoted his most exquisite labor, what can we expect of less studied

representations? Like the gorgeous canvases of Paul Veronese his glowing narrative, viewed as an artistic whole, enchants us by the brilliance of its coloring, the pomp of its accessories, its admirable composition, the easy grouping of the figures, the sure draughtsmanship of the whole. But it is not, in the highest sense, true. We do not go to the "Marriage of Cana" for the likeness of the Lord or the portrait of the twelve Apostles; we do not hope to find there for ever portrayed, with the magic insight of imaginative genius, the inner significance of the simple feast which it commemorates. Yet for all we have received from that opulent pencil it becomes us to be truly thankful; the painter gives us so much that it seems churlish to ask for more. And thus, if we must indeed maintain that in the highest point of his ambition Macaulay has failed, we shall do well to remember how much his failure exceeds inferior success.

H. C. Foxcroft.

The Fortnightly Review.

PRELL'S SELECTION.

I.

After a fairly long life of unremitting toil with axe and hammer, gad, and pick, and plough, in many fields of labor and in many places, David Prell took up a selection, impelled partly by an old desire to settle down, but mainly by the strenuous solicitations of a paternal government. One of those passing fits of creative and reformatory energy that so often attack Australian governments had turned the popular fancy lightly to the land. The desire to convert clerks, miners, carpenters, poets, lawyers, and miscellaneous idlers into successful farmers,

by turning them loose in the Bush armed with a lease, was inspiring much eloquent oratory. "Go on the land, young man!" was the shibboleth of the ministers; and, although no longer a young man, David accepted the invitation, and selected land in a locality particularly favored by Providence, according to the interpretations of the philanthropic politicians.

Prell's selection consisted of three hundred acres of Bush situated fourteen miles from nowhere, where the railway came to an untimely end. David tramped out one fierce December day, when the shilling thermometer under the verandah of Coleman's

shanty registered 107° in the shade, carrying all his worldly goods and the scant savings of years in the swag on his back.

After leaving the vague track, he literally burrowed his way through the compact Bush, where the tall, straight gum-trees stood massed like an implacable army, sullenly resisting his advances as though recognizing the destructive germ, their formidable boles laced with an entanglement of vines, supple-jack, and a myriad creeping things of vegetable kind; and the wilderness of undergrowth that flourished between conspired to trip and strangle the intruder whose presence threatened the pristine grandeur and the autocratic rule of the towering trees.

Dave Prell made his way to the portion of this vast wilderness that was his, subject to the conditions and provisions of the Act, and knew it was his only by virtue of an amazing instinct, which makes the pathless Bush explicit to the true bushman. There the forest was dense with boughs far above, choked below with creepers, bracken, prickly mosses, stinkweed, all the profuse flora of an Australian scrub; around was silence, nor was there any sign to distinguish this spot from a thousand others in the miles of dumb forest encircling it. But Dave slipped his swag from his shoulder here, and stood erect among his possessions, lord of all he surveyed.

Dave was a small man, five feet six inches in his bluchers, almost fleshless, his thin beard and overhanging brows already grizzled; but his face, tanned to the ruddy brown of new leather, was the face of a conqueror; his bare lean arms, redder than those of a Red Indian and corded like an athlete's, were wonderfully suggestive of toughness and endurance.

The Bush and the man were face to face; the gigantic gums stern, lowering, indomitable, the man a mere pygmy

at their roots, but animated with the confidence of one who had seen labor overthrow the tallest forests and eat up the hills. Prell was about to carve a home for himself out of this tangle, these massed trees, some large enough to have housed him in their hollow trunks, and he was not appalled. He had taken his axe from the bands of the swag, and stood with his thumb testing the edge, looking up at his enemies, a more daring David in the presence of ten thousand Goliaths. A long sinister snake slid on the dry leaves over the log on which he stood, and he dropped the bright blade on its lean body, severing it. The snake struck at the axe with its vicious hammer-like head. These were the first blows, and the man had conquered.

"Tiger!" said Dave examining the tail stirring convulsively on the loose bark. "Them M.P.'s didn't say nothin' 'bout tiger snakes among the 'natural indoocements.' "

The selector had to seek an open space large enough to spread his blanket in for that night, and he found it at a little distance on the top of a great granite boulder, like a huge mammoth sunk to the shoulders in the rich loam, striving hopelessly in the toils of the vines and the weeds. On the moss of the rock Dave made his first bed; here he lit his first fire, and while the billy boiled he sat at a distance, for the evening was close and oppressive, watching the smoke towering up in a thin line, and saw a vision of a smiling homestead swathed in green and a golden sweep of ripening corn swelling up the slope. A kookaburra on a dry limb far above him lifted up its head and filled the bush with echoes of dry, cynical laughter, and the man waved his hat to the quaint bird, and laughed back with boyish exuberance. A magpie greeted him with a long carol, mellow and musical like the bugle-call of young Hope,

and a sleepy mother monkey-bear clinging stupidly to the bole of a sapling near by, and her equally stupid offspring clinging to her back, blinked little round eyes at him. Dave offered the beasts bread. These were to be his boon companions perhaps for years to come, and Prell was a sociable man.

The selector lay without covering on his mossy couch that night, for his indurated hide was mosquito-proof, and the many mysterious things that walk in the darkness had no terrors for him. He was familiar with all the voices and moods of the Bush, and the one sound that haunted and soothed his dreams was the low murmur of a creek, the strongest "natural inducement," promising plenteous water even in the fiercest months of summer when the drought fiend drives his blazing chariot through the land.

Morning found the Bush in another humor, bright, cool, moist, propitious. There was joyance in the air: life twittered and whistled and laughed in the trees, and stirred briskly in the scrub; and the magpies, whose golden call is the most stirring note of optimism in the Australian wilds, welcomed the sun with a full-throated chorus. After looking about him, Dave determined to set up his tent upon the rock. He placed the first upright in a dry cleft, and carried the ridge-pole back to a convenient sapling. Here he must live till he should wrest from the opposing scrub and the giant trees a clear space on which to build a modest hut of bark.

Prell spent the whole of next day searching his settlement over, seeking the best site for his happy home. He decided upon a spot about one hundred yards from the rock, where the land rose in a gentle slope from the creek. The creek would have remained undiscovered by a city dweller, hidden away under the masses of bush growth. Gums that had perished of

age or fallen by mischance lay across its course; huge ferns (old-man ferns they call them there) their trunks straight as lances, or grotesquely twisted to accommodate themselves to the scant space offered by the tangled dead timber, grew thickly all along the banks and in the bed, thirsty saplings and ravenous scrub thronged every foot of root-hold, and over all were piled vine and creeper, bramble and weed. Thick myrtle bushes spread thin clouds of dainty white blossom in the shade, and tiny ferns of many kinds, and strange, parasitic plants of subtle and ethereal beauty swarmed upon the dead limbs and the living trees, and hung delicately in mid-air on threads of tentacle. The monstrous Bush, struggling for space, had bridged the stream and overgrown it so thickly that the cool, life-giving waters ran in cavernous darkness below.

But all this loneliness must go. Too often to the struggling settler the thing of beauty is a curse for ever. Dave was an abominable utilitarian; he laid his axe at the root of beauty, and commenced his war with Nature.

It was a long fight. Dave Prell cut at the heart of the bush from the sweet, fresh hours of the dawn, through the glittering hot day, till the laughing jackasses on the skeleton trees shrieked again as if in derision, and the cockatoos homing in the tallest gum clattered and squealed and whistled. Surely not all the foundling asylums in all the world would make such a to-do about going to bed.

Prell's axe kept the busy echoes stirring in the hills. He felled the saplings and up-rooted the great messmates and the towering white gums. The débris was gathered in heaps and burnt; the enormous logs were rolled together with levers and given to the fire; trees that were dry enough to burn were fired standing. For months the man slaved in an atmosphere of

smoke that gave his brown skin a richer tint, and at length, after a year, a little hut stood in a narrow clearing, and a tidy patch of garden promised vegetables for the near future.

II.

Ten years later a fussy mountain railway had followed David Prell and his scattered neighbors into the hills. The toy trains on this amazing railroad rattled over ravines, Blondin-like, on their narrow track, crawled round wooded spurs, clinging to the face of the quarried rock, toiled slowly, puffing and straining, up steep gradients, and scampered wildly down rash inclines, sawing, and clattering, and rushing, with a frenzy of impetuosity absurdly human, and always on the point of tumbling headlong into the treetops far below on one hand or the other. Eventually they arrived at the terminus in the thick Bush, where a lone wooden store, dusty and weather-worn, blinked its windows in the fierce sunlight. There was always an old horse hitched to a tree before the store, drowsing with his nose in the dust; but rarely did you see any other living thing at Blackbutt.

A well-defined cart-track, known grandly as the main road, now led towards Prell's Selection, twisting and winding through the trees, a puddle in the winter, an inexhaustible dust-bed in the summer. After a mile or so the track gradually faded, the smaller tracks leading to the right and left having absorbed much of the traffic. The road remained split again and again, till it dwindled at length into a mere foot-path, and slowly the Bush closed in, throwing out limbs and tentacles to resist the pedestrian. Here were met pathetic signs of man's futile struggles; a small patch of treeless land, where the scrub rooted, and the graceful saplings shot up their slender

stems, eager to win for the Bush its own again; the charred frame of a burnt hut, with creepers swarming over it like vindictive arms striving to pull it down and hide it away among the thick weeds clustering at its feet; a sawn butt with a small stack of split wood, the tender plants twining about the chips, the stack already overgrown with clinging swordgrass. There is something terrifying in this passion of the Bush to wipe out the evidences of man's encroachments, to stifle man himself and secrete his bones in the rank grasses, to tear down the work of his hands, to devour it, to quickly fill the gaps it has made as if its existence were a shame. An outraged spirit seems to stir in these deserted mangled spaces, and it is not till the saplings have grown thick and tall that the Bush puts on again its characteristic stillness, and the peace of ages broods in the shade.

The track became fainter still, diverted now and then by fallen trees, and the Bush denser and darker, and presently the seeker was startled by the barking of a dog, sounding quite ghostly in these wilds. But the watchdog's honest bark is always the herald of civilization to the bush wanderer. The traveller came out of the forest as out of a darkened room, and a wide clearing opened before him, flooded with keen light and penetrating heat that stirred in the air, visible, corpuscular.

A batch of huts and many out-houses, irregularly set down, built of split slates and roofed with stringybark, picturesque in their disorder and their wealth of vines, stood in the centre of the clearing. To the left were an acre of mature orchard (with red strips of cotton stuff to scare the glutinous parrots stirring in the hot breeze and lending a vagrant note of color), another half acre of young trees, half an acre of raspberries in or-

derly rows, half an acre of potatoes, and a vegetable garden green and severely systematic. It was an oasis in the desert, a tiny Tadmor in the wilderness.

The dog stood on a log with his tail unfurled, barking interrogatively, but well disposed towards the visitor; a big bay horse hung his nose over the slab fence, meditating drowsily; fowls, ducks, and geese swarmed, fattening on the shooting grasshoppers; down near the creek a cow stood knee-deep in the sweet spring water. A woman bent over one of the garden beds. Dave had been married these five years to a homely, toiling body like himself.

Evidently the man had conquered. The Bush stood off from him on the hill side, presenting a straight, high wall of trunks, a mighty palisade. The trees stood proudly, threateningly, as if only awaiting the word to advance again, and sweep away the insolent man and his works. All around the fenced cultivations the grass was yellow and crisp, excepting where the creek struck through, rippling in the sunlight, trailing skirts of green.

David Prell was seated at a table under a small verandah roofed with vines, finishing his mid-day meal, greyer, leaner, browner than when he first faced the bush at Blackbutt, but tough still. A swarm of tiny chickens, mere fluffy balls, tumbled and piped at his feet. With the pannikin of tea halfway to his lips, Dave paused, and his eyes passed lovingly over the results of his labor. A swelling pride stirred within him, the joy of the victor. Life had been hard; hard it was still, but with fruit and eggs, and honey, money enough was earned for their simple needs, and a grateful tranquillity rested on Prell's Selection.

Dave felt the lusts of the conqueror for the first time to-day. The fight had been bitter, unremitting; many times it had seemed hopeless, but with

set teeth he had fought on, thinking only of the one day's task, not daring to look at his work as a whole for fear the magnitude of it should crush his spirit entirely. How hard that long struggle had been only those who have pitted themselves against the Bush can know. To-day, sitting in the shadow of his own vine, looking at the green freshness of his cultivation steeped in the consuming heat, Dave had a sense of real success. He looked at the line of Bush, an exultation like the grand insolence of youth seized him, and he lifted his pannikin on high to the sultry trees. "To the devil with you!" he said.

He drank defiance to his enemy the Bush, and laughed aloud. A kookaburra answered him mockingly, and Dave laughed louder still, waving his pannikin. Mrs. Prell, who had come panting up from the garden, stopped in amazement. "You ain't goin' balmy are you, Davy?" she asked anxiously.

"No, old woman, but it's up to me to crow. Ain't I licked the Bush in fair fight?"

"Don't crow till you're out of it, man. I seen smoke in Bob's corner."

Prell's face lost its animation instantly, and became that of the dumb, tireless fighter once more. He seized a bucket containing water in which an old sack was steeped, and ran in the direction of the fire. After stripping off her inflammable cotton skirt, Martha followed, carrying another bucket. The smoke rolled between the gum boles, and the hot north wind, as if scenting mischief, blew a gust among the boughs. The forest stirred impatiently.

This was no new thing to Prell, who, while fighting the Bush had learned to meet both flood and fire. He had no fear, but it was necessary to keep the flames from his precious fences, and with the sack he beat down the fire running in the dry grass. Like a wise

man whose wisdom was born of experience, the settler had kept spaces beyond his fences free of all bracken and dead timber, and it was possible to hold the grass fire under.

A breath as of a furnace came from the Bush; the fire boiled among the trees, running and leaping fantastical-ly, now clouded in thick smoke, now throwing out long, sweeping flames that licked the ground and left it bare and black. Dave and his wife worked without speech. Fighting a bushfire when the ordinary temperature is 105° in the shade is no task for weaklings. Mrs. Dave was a Bush-bred woman, familiar with toil and suffering, and she bore it as well as Dave himself. Their faces blackened in the smoke, their hands were singed by the soaring flames, and their bones and thews were full of the agony of toil, but they fought on without complaint.

A patch of flame leaped at a towering white gum like a sentient thing, clung closely to the butt for a moment, and then ran swiftly, sinuously up the straight trunk among the loose dead bark, and shot out sprays of fire along the limbs above. The hot wind caught up a long, flaming strip of bark, and wafted it over the clearing. It was swept higher and higher among the smoke and sparks. The wind toyed with it wantonly, curling and twisting it, till it writhed like a serpent tortured with fire. Then it sank and fell slowly, and the wind trailed it lightly over the roof of Prell's poor home. In an instant the whole line of roof was in flames, and as the houses burnt Dave and his wife toiled at the end of the clearing.

Martha was first to discover what had happened. She screamed, and pointing to the burning home, made for it at a run. Dave stood for a few moments, staring incapable of action, and out of his dry parched throat came

a harsh prayer, a wild appeal: "Oh, God! Oh, my God, my God!"

Then he ran, ran like a madman, and set to work as if in a delirium, plucking at the flaming walls with his bare hands, trying to save poor simple articles, beaten back by the fire at every point. Martha strove with him, struggling desperately, and yet doing nothing, frustrated everywhere. Everything went down before the flames, dwelling, store-house, dairy, fowl-house, cart-shed,—even the beehives flamed fiercely. The grass fires came down through the fences, and the sun-dried split timber burnt like match-wood. The fruit trees shrivelled in the heat, and the flames sprang to their branches. The work of years went up in fire and smoke, and in less than an hour Dave and his wife stood in an aching expanse before the ashes of their home, dumb, stupefied, staring out of their red half-blinded eyes, seemingly without consciousness, pitifully afflicted, their clothes smoking on their backs. Around were barrenness, blackness, desolation.

Dave was the first to speak; his voice was feeble and quavering like that of a very old man, his words dull and passionless. "I was goin' to put that iron roof on nex' week," he said.

At the sound of his voice, his wife uttered a heart-broken cry, and fell face downward upon the hot black earth, her arms outthrown helplessly, her body convulsed with sobs, her eyes dry and burning. She, too, had worked bravely to build up the home, and she realized now how much of their lives had turned to grey ashes within the last few minutes. Prell looked down at his wife for a moment, without feeling, without comprehension; and then he drifted about among the ruins, found an old spade, and carried it a little further up the rise, where he began chipping at the hard soil, digging feebly, vacuously, as if with some

poor, piteous intention of levelling the ground.

Help came from the distant selections when the fire had died out at the creek. The women raised Martha, and attended to her, while the men went to Dave, who had not seemed to notice them. One shook him by the shoulder. "Cheer up, mate," he said, offering rough consolation.

"Eh, what's that?" answered Dave, looking about him vaguely. Then he

seemed to remember, and his eye went over the aching blackness and ruins before he fell drearily to his work. "I got to clear a place for the new hut," he said.

He bent to the spade once more, but they took it from his hands, and two of them, holding his arms, led him slowly away; and as they passed, the wall of trees stirred before the wind, and the Bush seemed to move in upon the Selection again.

Edward Dyson.

Macmillan's Magazine.

A BOTANICAL DISCOVERY AND ITS POSSIBILITIES.

It does not often fall to the lot of the botanist to announce a sensational discovery, but this piece of good fortune happened to Professor Hellriegel, of Germany, when, in 1886, he gave out to the world that he and his colleague, Professor Wilfarth, had discovered the meaning and use of the little nodules which are to be found scattered about upon the roots of leguminous plants—plants such as clover, peas, lupins, and beans.

Now, anyone who has washed away the soil from the rootlets of a clover or a pea, and then carefully examined them, knows that at various points little lumps or nodules occur; yet, often as these curious little lumps had been previously noticed, no one, up to that time, had suggested that they were other than simply peculiar formations of the tissues of the root and rootlets. Hellriegel, however, had not been satisfied with this supposition, and, some years previous to 1886, he had commenced a patient investigation into the matter, and, after much experiment and research, he had learnt two most interesting facts about them: one concerning their true nature; the second, the part they play in the econ-

omy of the plant. And, in learning these two facts, he illuminated a hitherto almost unknown side of plant life. In the first place, he found that these nodules or tubercles are nothing less than the homes of colonies of bacteria, which live and flourish in the shelter of the tissues of their host—that, in fact, in the leguminous plants we have an instance of two organisms—one relatively very large, the Plant, the other very minute, the Bacterium—living together in harmonious unity, each benefiting the other and being benefited in return. We can readily understand the benefit the bacteria derive from their sheltered position within the roots, but it is by no means obvious how they can repay the debt they thus incur; and the fact that they do benefit their hosts in an extraordinary way calls to mind the old fable of the mouse and the lion. And the mere discovery that such a condition of things was possible—that bacteria should normally live upon the roots of healthy plants—brought in totally new ideas, and the suggestion opened up a completely fresh point of view.

Now, for a long time before this discovery was made, one striking fact

about leguminous crops had been well known to farmers—namely, that while all other crops impoverished the land upon which they were produced, by taking nitrogenous matter out of the soil, and necessitating the application of more or less costly nitrogenous manures to bring the land back to its productiveness, yet this was not the case when such crops as clover, peas, beans, and so forth were grown. These crops, far from impoverishing the land, actually enriched it. Though they ran their course and grew from seed to maturity, and stem, leaves, and flowers were all formed in abundance, yet they actually left the land richer than they found it. Far from drawing upon the soil for nitrogen (as necessary to them for building up their tissues as to all other plants), they obtained what they wanted from some unknown source, and, in addition, handed on generously to the soil. But how this power—almost that of a magician—was exercised, neither the farmer nor the botanist pretended to explain. For it had been long accepted as an undoubted physiological fact that no green plants are able to digest “raw” nitrogen: though nitrogen is an absolute necessity to them, they must have it presented to them in some combination or another, or they cannot utilize it; hence the atmosphere, apparently one of the most obvious sources of nitrogen, is a sealed enclosure to them, for, though nitrogen exists in great quantities in it, it does not exist in combination there to any appreciable extent. Therefore their only chance of obtaining this necessary article of daily life is to take it out of the soil, where it abounds in forms suitable for plants to use.

Though this belief is perfectly founded upon fact, yet Hellriegel showed, in the second part of his discovery, that leguminous green plants—the peas, the beans, the clovers, and so forth—have

found a way out of the difficulty, and manage to tap the air around them for their supplies of nitrogen. They have called to their aid these bacteria, which possess the power of taking in free nitrogen, and in some mysterious manner have encouraged them to form colonies upon their roots, so that they can act as intermediaries in the matter. The bacteria take in the nitrogen from the air in the interstices of the soil; in their nodule root-dwellings they work it up into various complex compounds, and these they pass on to the plant through the tissues of the root, and the plant builds up its whole organism with these manufactured materials as basis. Therefore these green plants, through the medium of the bacteria, have an inexhaustible source of nitrogen supplies; and it at once becomes plain why beans, furnished with the nodules and drawing upon the air for their nitrogen, can actually enrich the soil in which they grow, while oats, not provided with them, and having to look to the soil for all supplies, must necessarily impoverish it.

This explanation of Hellriegel's opened a new field of inquiry, and many possibilities as to the best ways in which the new knowledge could be turned to advantage suggested themselves both to scientific men in their laboratories and to practical agriculturists who took an intelligent interest in scientific matters. It was obvious that in leguminous crops lay a mine of wealth to the farmer, for they were profitable not only for economic value when grown, but also to the soil in growing. Still, it was also obvious that it was only when they were well provided with bacteria visitors that they possessed these unusual powers. If the tubercles failed to appear, then leguminous crops were no better than any others, and had to fall back upon the resources of the soil instead of

contributing to them. It was therefore suggested that the reason why poor, badly nourished leguminous crops were found in some localities was because the soil of those localities did not harbor the necessary bacteria in sufficient quantity, if at all. And anyway, the whole question was worthy of further serious consideration.

So, ten years later, in 1896, Dr. Nobbe, of Tharand in Saxony, came forward with an ingenious suggestion that evoked considerable interest in the agricultural world. His plan was to inoculate soil poor in these bacteria, and on which it was desired to improve the crops, with cultures of the necessary bacterium. The first method he tried was simple but cumbersome. He looked out for a field on which had been growing very flourishing leguminous plants whose roots showed an abundance of nodules. Having found it, he took soil (presumably containing the coveted bacteria) away from it, and spread it thinly over a field where the leguminous crops had hitherto been poor. Then he re-sowed the strewn field with seed. Rain intermingled the two soils, and the results came up to his expectations, for the crop that now appeared was greatly superior to all previous ones; the plants were finer in themselves and much more plentiful, and there were many nodules on their roots, proving that the new plants had quickly availed themselves, to their own material advantage, of the services of the bacteria thus introduced to them.

Successful so far, Dr. Nobbe next turned his attention to making more feasible the process of introducing these bacteria to desirable plots of ground; for, naturally, if their introduction always involved heavy cartage of soil, possibly for long distances, it would offer an insuperable practical difficulty to their frequent employment. So he set about making cul-

tures or preparations of these bacteria after the manner known to bacteriologists, whereby large quantities of the microbe were compressed into the compass of a mere bottle. These preparations, to which was given the name of "Nitragin," were made directly from the bacteria nodules upon the roots; and once prepared in the laboratory, the process was next handed over to a firm of well-known German chemists for preparation on a commercial scale. Subsequent experience proved that slightly different cultures were best, according as the crop to be treated was clover, peas, vetches, &c.; for apparently the bacteria which serve one species are not precisely those which serve another.

Nitragin thus prepared can be used in two ways. The first way reminds us of Dr. Nobbe's original plan. By it the nitragin—a powder—is moistened with water not absolutely cold, and then poured over a quantity of soil. This soil is spread thinly and evenly over the field, and is then deeply harrowed in, and in this prepared soil the seed is sown. This is known as "Soil Inoculation."

The second way is probably easier and better. After being moistened as before, the nitragin is sprinkled over the seed which is to be sown. The seed is then shaken in loam or dry sand, and immediately sown. Then, whenever the seed germinates and puts forth its baby root, it finds bacteria already there at hand waiting for the shelter and protection of its tissues. This second method is known as "Seed Inoculation."

Now, though the whole principle of the nature and use of nitragin appears to be thoroughly reliable and scientific, and the preliminary tests were all that could be desired, yet it must be confessed that the experiments carried on in England with these bacterial preparations do not seem to have been suc-

cessful. When two plots of earth were taken, and one was treated with nitratin and the other left in its natural state, and then both plots were sown with identical seed the difference between the crops was not sufficiently marked (if, indeed, it was marked at all) to say that the plot treated with nitratin had any great advantage over the plot not so treated. Still, as Professor Somerville, writing with regard to the North of England, remarks, "This does not, of course, show that leguminous plants can get along without bacteria, but it would appear to indicate that these bacteria are usually present in soils in sufficient abundance to make artificial inoculation unnecessary."

When, however, we turn to some experiments which have been going on during the past two or three years in Canada, we have presented to us some very interesting results which seem to point to a distinct future for this method of treatment. These experiments began in 1897, at the State Experimental Farm at Ottawa, and clover, peas, and horse-beans were the plants experimented on. The soil used in the experiments was specially made for the purpose from sand, clay, and "swamp muck," and was very poor in quality. In the first year three sets of each kind of seed were sown—one set in the soil which had not been treated with nitratin in any way, the second set in soil which had been sprinkled with a solution of the bacterial preparation (soil inoculation) the third set in soil untreated as in the first, though the seeds themselves had been moistened with the diluted nitratin before being planted (seed inoculation). At first large iron pots were used to contain the various soils and crops, but later on experiments were also made in small plots of ground.

During the three years 1897, 1898,

1899, these experiments were carried out successfully and constant observations made. The net result with all the crops was that those to which the bacteria had been introduced were far superior to those to which they had not been brought. The reports of the various stages give us much important matter for thought. With reference to the clover, it was noticed at the end of the first year that the weight of the crop from the soil inoculated, and also that from the seed-inoculated plants, exceeded the weight of the crop grown without nitratin, and that this increase was chiefly due to the greater development of the roots. There was also considerably more nitrogenous matter in the treated crop than in the untreated, though this was not due to any part of the plant containing more nitrogenous matter than usual in its tissues, but because the plants were more flourishing, and therefore produced more root, stem, and leaves. The trials further showed that the best results of all came from seed inoculation rather than from soil sprinkling. The second year, therefore, only two sets of clover plants were grown, one of which had not had any of the bacteria introduced to it in any form whatever, while the other had had its seed inoculated before being sown. The results confirmed the previous year's observation in a very gratifying way, for the plants from the inoculated seed were much more luxuriant than those from the untreated seed. The third year was even more interesting: the plants of the second year had been left growing and had survived the winter, so there was no further treatment of the soil, and, of course, no further sowing of seed. During the spring "both series made excellent growth, but the plants from the inoculated seed were very much larger." This is probably due to the fact that the treated plants were by this time much the more

largely endowed with bacteria nodules both as to size and number. So striking, indeed, was the result that a photograph, taken of the plants as they grew, testifies unmistakably to the superiority of the one over the other.

As with clover, so with peas. Direct seed inoculation proved more efficacious than soil sprinkling, probably because the bacteria were more "on the spot." The plants to which the bacteria had been introduced through the medium of the nitragin were invariably finer than those left untouched, while the little nodules on their roots were present in far greater numbers. The beans confirmed the evidence tendered by peas and clovers during the first two years, but the third year the experiment was a failure, due, in the investigators' opinion, to the preparation of the bacteria having its vitality impaired before being used, and thus proving nothing against its intrinsic value.

Reviewing their work for the three years, the experimenters say: "The results are . . . eminently satisfactory, furnishing evidence of a marked character as to the value of this inoculating agent. . . . There seems, indeed, no doubt, from these data, but that when fresh nitragin is employed we are furnishing the legumes with bacteria of unimpaired vitality that will enable them, under favorable conditions of soil as regards moisture, warmth, and a supply of mineral food, to assimilate free nitrogen."

Yet, notwithstanding its value, it is by no means certain that nitragin, in its present form, will ever be commonly used as an improver of crops. For the bacteria composing it are very susceptible to external influences, and if these are not exactly what they require they quickly die, and the preparation becomes valueless. For instance, if nitragin is kept more than six weeks

from the date of its preparation, it is very likely to become worthless; this in itself is a great barrier to its being extensively used by farmers, particularly by those in out-of-the-way districts, who are most likely to be in need of it. Further, if it is exposed to too strong a light, or the bottles containing it are kept in too warm a temperature (over 100° F.), the value is greatly impaired. These disadvantages are, however, common to most bacterial preparations. And though, perhaps, nitragin is not yet a commercial success, this is of no moment in comparison with the undoubted truths it has helped to establish. Let us recapitulate them.

From Hellriegel's discovery we obtain a new and startling view of possibilities which may be lying all unsuspected beneath the common well-worn facts of plant life. We learn that bacteria may play a definite part in the course of plant development, even as they do in the course of human life, and that through this community life —this symbiotic union—plants may be endowed with powers which otherwise would be far from them. From the later experiments we further learn that we can manipulate these bacteria; that we can introduce them to certain plants; and that we can, by inoculating a seed, affect the after-development of that seed and stimulate it in various directions, just as by inoculating an animal we can produce certain definite and distinct results. But it must be remembered that the whole question of seed inoculation is still in its veriest infancy, and we cannot yet even indicate the length to which it may be carried. Though it has only been applied, at present, to certain leguminous plants, yet we cannot venture to think that these are its limits. How far bacteria and plant life may prove to be interdependent, and whether it will not be possible to introduce bacteria to

plants other than leguminous ones, and thus enable them to tap the vast source of atmospheric nitrogen, are

Longman's Magazine.

problems yet to be solved. We cannot believe the matter will rest where it is.

G. Clarke-Nuttall.

THE MUSIC OF RICHARD STRAUSS.

I.

In that essay on "The School of Giorgione," in which Walter Pater came perhaps nearer to a complete or final disentangling of the meanings and functions of the arts than any writer on aesthetics has yet done, we are told: "*All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music.*" And of music because,

in its ideal, consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire.

Now the aim of modern music, which may seem to be carried to at least its furthest logical development in the music of Richard Strauss, is precisely to go backwards from this point towards which all the other arts had tended and aspired in vain, and to take up again that old bondage from which music only had completely freed itself. "For while in all other works of art," Pater tells us, "it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the understanding can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it." With the entrance of the "programme" into music, with the attempt to express pure idea, with the appeal to the understanding to make distinctions, music has at once forfeited all

the more important of its advantages over the other arts, condescending to an equality which it can never even maintain; putting itself, in fact, at a wilful disadvantage.

Music can express emotion and suggest sensation. It can express emotion as directly as the human voice can express emotion, by an intonation, either accompanied by words, as in a shriek or sob, or irrespective of words, as in a phrase which says one thing and which can be instantly realized to mean another. Music can suggest sensation, either by a direct imitation of some sound in nature (the beating of the heart, the sound of the wind, the rustling of leaves) or by a more subtle appeal to the nerves, like the inexplicable but definite appeal of a color in the sky, which seems to us joyous, or of the outline of a passing cloud, which seems to us threatening. Music can call up mental states of a more profound, because of a more perfectly disembodied, ecstasy, than any other art, appealing, as it does, directly to the roots of emotion and sensation, and not indirectly, through any medium distinguishable by the understanding. But music can neither express nor suggest an idea apart from emotion or sensation. It cannot do so, not because of its limitations, but because of its infinite reach, because it speaks the language of a world which has not yet subdivided itself into finite ideas.

"Art," says Pater, in the essay from

which I have quoted, "is thus always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception, to get rid of its responsibilities to its subject or material." Art has little to do with the brain apart from the emotions; the brain, apart from the emotions, produces in art only the fantastic or the artificial. When a poet puts aside poetry to give us philosophy (which should lie like dung about the roots of his flower) he is mistaking the supreme function of his art for one of its subordinate functions, but he is hardly so fatally at war with the nature of things as the musician who tries to give us abstract thought in music. Ask music to render to us Spinoza's "He who loves God does not desire that God should love him in return." There we get an abstract idea, and all that music is capable of suggesting to us in it is the emotion of love, which can be suggested in the noblest manner without conveying to us any distinction between a sacred human love and the divine love of God, much less any indication of what is meant by the conflict in magnanimity between these two loves.

Now Strauss tries to give us abstract thought in music, and it is by this attempt to convey or suggest abstract thought that he is distinguished from other composers of "programme" music, and that he claims our chief attention as a phenomenon in modern music. He has gone to Nietzsche for the subject of one of his "tone-poems," "Also sprach Zarathustra"; another is called "Tod und Verklärung" (Death and Transfiguration); another, "Ein Helden-leben" (A Hero's Life), and in this he offers us a kind of autobiography or Whitman-like "Song of Myself." His admirers having said, as they continue to say, that he had written philosophical music, he defined his intention in these words, on the occa-

sion of the production of "Also sprach Zarathustra" at Berlin in 1896:

I did not intend to write philosophical music or portray Nietzsche's great work musically. I meant to convey musically an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of development, religious as well as scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the *Übermensch*.

"To convey an idea": there we get, stated nakedly, the fundamental fallacy of the attempt. Here, then, is music labelled "nach Nietzsche." For the name of Nietzsche substitute the name of Calvin; say that you represent the babes, a span long, suffering in hell, and the just made perfect in heaven: the notes, so far as they are capable of conveying a definite idea, would remain as appropriate to the one as to the other. Philosophy or theology, it is all one; indeed, the headlines from a placard of the Salvation Army would serve as well as either for the interpretation of a "tone-poem" which no one would any longer call philosophical.

In his anxiety to convey more precise facts than music can convey by itself, Strauss often gives quotations, quotations in music, which are, after all, only one degree removed from headlines or programmes. In the fifth section of "Ein Helden-leben" he quotes themes from his "Macbeth," "Don Juan," "Tod und Verklärung," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Also sprach Zarathustra," "Don Quixote," "Guntram," and the song "Traum durch die Dämmerung," in order to suggest what he calls "The Hero's Works of Peace." That is one way of making one's meaning clear; it has a good precedent, and recalls the French drummer, Monsieur Le Grand, in Heine, who knew only a little German, but could make himself very intelligible with the drum. "For instance, if I did

not know what the word *liberté* meant, he drummed the 'Marseillaise,' and I understood him. If I did not understand the word *égalité*, he drummed the march, 'Ca ira . . . les aristocrates à la lanterne!' and I understood him. If I did not know what *bêtise* meant, he drummed the Dessauer March . . . and I understood him." In "Don Juan," I heard unmistakable echoes of the fire-music in "Die Walküre," and on turning to Lenau's verses I find that the fire of life is supposed to have died out on the hearth. The famous love-scene in "Feuersnot" is partly made from a very slightly altered version of the "Air de Louis XIII," the meaning of which, as a quotation, I am unable to guess. On p. 86 of the piano score of the opera, at the words "Da triebt Ihr den Wagner aus dem Thor," we have fragmentary quotations from the "Ring." In the opening of "Also sprach Zarathustra," Strauss quotes the seven notes to which the priest officiating at the mass sings the "Credo in unum Deum." By the quotation of this easily, though not universally, recognizable phrase he is able, it is true, to convey something approximating to an idea; but it is conveyed, after all, by association of ideas, not directly, and is dependent on something quite apart from the expressive power of music itself.

Music can render only an order of emotion, which may be love or hate, but which will certainly not be mistaken for indifference. Now it may be said, and justly, that there is such a thing as philosophic emotion, the emotion which accompanies the philosopher's brooding over ideas. Take the overture to "Parsifal": there never was more abstract music, but it is, as I have defined Coventry Patmore's best poetry, abstract ecstasy. I do not say that this abstract ecstasy might not be expressed in music which would sum up the emotional part of a phil-

osopher's conception of philosophy. Call it Nietzsche, call it Richard Strauss; I shall not mind what you call it if it be filled with some vital energy of beauty, if it live, in whatever region of the clouds. I will not call it philosophical music, but I will admit that the order of emotion which it renders is some order of abstract emotion which may as well belong to the philosopher brooding over the destinies of ideas as to the lover brooding over the religion of his passionate creed. Only, I must be sure that the emotion is there, that it makes and fills the form through which it speaks, that its place is not taken by a clever imitation of its outward and unessential part.

II.

Thus far I have spoken only of the theory of the music. But the music itself, it may be said, if only the music is good, what does all this matter? It matters, because Strauss' theories act directly upon his musical qualities, distracting them, setting them upon impossible tasks, in which the music is deliberately sacrificed to the expression of something which it can never express. Strauss is what the French call *un cérébral*, which is by no means the same thing as a man of intellect. *Un cérébral*, is a man who feels through his brain, in whom emotion transforms itself into idea, rather than in whom idea is transfigured by emotion. Strauss has written a "Don Juan" without sensuality, and it is in his lack of sensuality that I find the reason of his appeal. All modern music is full of sensuality, since Wagner first set the fevers of the flesh to music. In the music of Strauss the Germans have discovered the fever of the soul. And that is indeed what Strauss has tried to interpret. He has gone to Nietz-

sche, as we have seen, for the subject of one of his symphonic poems, "Also sprach Zarathustra"; in "Tod und Verklärung" we find him scene-painting the soul; "Don Juan" is full of reflections concerning the soul. He is desperately in earnest, doctrinal almost, made uneasy by his convictions. He thinks with all his might, and he sets his thoughts to music. But does he think in music, and what does his thinking come to?

In one of his compositions, a "melodrame" for the piano, intended as a musical accompaniment to the words of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," after that hopelessly wrong fashion which Schumann set in his lovely music to "Manfred," Strauss has shown, significantly as I think, the spirit in which he approaches literature. It is a kind of running commentary in footnotes, not a new creation in another art. The music tries to express something which is not in itself but in the words of the text, never for a moment transcending those words, carrying them, as music can carry words, into new regions. The ingenuity with which it is put together is like the ingenuity which a detective novelist expends upon his plot. The motives are woven with the utmost care: they return, cross, are combined, broken, exalted, turn to the sob of waves or the sound of wedding-bells; they add italics and capitals to all the points of the story; the web is intricate, and every mesh holds firm. But what of the material itself? It is pretty, common, and effective; it has everything that is obvious in sentiment and matter of fact in expression. The notes do not live, each with its individual life; they have been set in order for a purpose, as an accompaniment to a speaking voice and to the words of a poem.

Strauss has no fundamental musical ideas (ideas, that is, which are great as music, apart from their significance

to the understanding, their non-musical insignificance) and he forces the intensity of his expression because of this lack of genuine musical material. If you intensify nothing to the *n*th degree, you get, after all, nothing; and Strauss builds with water and bakes bread with dust. "Tod und Verklärung" is a vast development towards something which does not come; a preparation of atmosphere, in which no outline can be distinguished; a stage for life, if you will, but a stage on which life does not enter: the creator has not been able to put breath into his world. All the colors of the orchestra, used as a palette, flood one with their own fires and waves; it is as if an avalanche of water swept over one; but out of this tossing sea only here and there a poor little shivering melody puts up its head and clings half-drowned to a spar. I think of all the painters who have tried to paint without drawing, and I think of Blake's warning:

He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better light, than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. . . . Leave out this line (the bounding line, Blake calls it, the hard and wiry line of rectitude and certainty) and you leave out life itself; all is chaos again, and the line of the Almighty must be drawn out upon it before man or beast can exist.

Strauss, it seems to me, lacks this rectitude and certainty of the bounding line, and that is why his music washes over one without coloring one's mind with its own dyes. On coming back after listening to the music of Strauss, one's brain is silent, one's memory hears nothing. There is a feeling as if one had passed in front of some great illumination, as if one had feasted on colors, and wandered in the midst of clouds. But all is over, not a trace remains; there is no pulse

ticking anywhere in one's body. One says calmly how interesting, how curious, this was; a new thing, a thing one must judge fairly, a wonderful thing in its way; but the instant, inevitable thrill, straight to the backbone, the new voice, which one seems to recognize when one hears it for the first time: where are these? If I cared more for literature than for music, I imagine that I might care greatly for Strauss. He offers me sound as literature. But I prefer to read my literature, and to hear nothing but music.

Strauss reminds me, at one time of De Quincey or Sidney Dobell, at another of Gustave Moreau or of Arnold Böcklin, and I know that all these names have had their hour of worship. All have some of the qualities which go to the making of great art; all, in different ways, fall through lack of the vital quality of sincerity, the hard and wiry line of rectitude and certainty. All are rhetorical, all produce their effect by an effort external to the thing itself which they are saying or singing or painting.

Strauss, like De Quincey, has a great mastery over sensation. He can be bewildering, tormenting, enervating, he is always astonishing; there is electric fluid in his work, but all this electric fluid scatters itself by the way, never concentrates itself to the vital point. He gives you sensation, but he gives it to you coldly, with a calculation of its effect upon you. He gives you color in sound, but he gives you color in great blotches, every one meant to dazzle you from a separate angle; so that it is hardly extravagant to say, as a friend of mine said to me, that his music is like, not so much a kaleidoscope, as a broken kaleidoscope.

III.

Strauss has many moments in which he reminds me of Schumann, and not

only the moments in which he tries to bring humor into music. Turn from the "Annie" motive in "Enoch Arden" to the "Eusebius" of the "Carnival," and you will readily see all the difference there can be between two passages which it is quite possible to compare with one another. The "Annie" motive is as pretty as can be, it is adequate enough as a suggestion of the somewhat colorless heroine of Tennyson's poem; but how lacking in distinction it is, if you but set it beside the "Eusebius," in which music requires nothing but music to be its own interpreter. But it is in his attempts at the grotesque that Schumann seems at times actually to lead the way to Strauss. It is from Schumann that Strauss has learnt some of those hobbling rhythms, those abrupt starts, as of a terrified peasant, by which he has sometimes suggested his particular kind of humor in music.

"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" is meant to be a musical joke, and it is like nothing so much as a Toy Symphony, in which the toys are imitated by the instruments of a full orchestra. This kind of realism, far from being a new development in music, was one of the earliest games of the art in its childhood. There never was a time when music did not say "Co-co-ri-co" and "Cuckoo." After Haydn, the joke began to seem outworn. Berlioz took it up again, with his immense seriousness, and brought terror out of pleasure, and sublimity out of ugliness. Strauss has gone back to the mechanical making of humor. A descending major seventh represents, on Strauss' own authority, "Till strung up to the gibbet." When, as in "Feuersnot," Strauss writes a common little dance tune, and suggests to us, by the elaborate way in which it is developed, and by the elaboration of the surrounding music, that he means it for a realistic representation of the bourgeois as

he is, I am reminded of Mr. George Gissing, and of his theory that the only way to represent commonplace people in art is to write about them in a commonplace way. That was not Wagner's way of working in "Die Meistersinger." That was not Balzac's way of working in "Les Pay-sans." In much of "Till Eulenspiegel" the orchestra jokes after the approved German fashion, *chimera bombinans in vacuo*. German humor is unrelated to any normal or, indeed, existing thing, it is spun out of the brain without the help of the senses. "Till" mocks with a vast inverted seriousness. But it is without beauty, and the grotesque becomes art when beauty comes into it. Look at the carvings in a Gothic cathedral, look at a Japanese bronze or a monster in a Japanese print. The delicacy which you will find there, lurking in those horrid folds, is what distinguishes great work from common, in the grotesque as in all other forms of art. It is the difference between Puck and the gnome painted on the walls of a German beer-cellar. Strauss tricks out his gnome with all the colors of the lime-lights, but the gnome remains a mis-shapen creature out of the earth, when the lights are over.

Yet how amazingly clever the thing is, how the orchestra unbends, plays pranks, turns head over heels for the occasion! Music is a grave thing, and laughs unwillingly. Strauss compels it to do what he wants, and it does what he wants, with the ferocity of a caged wild beast doing tricks under the whip of the keeper.

Strauss does things with the orchestra which no one has ever done before: he delights you with his effects as effects, and though I am complaining of this very fact, I wish to credit him with all that it means, for good and evil. When people call Strauss' music ugly they are mistaking the question at issue. Technique carried to the

point to which Strauss carries it has a certain incontestable value, and it matters little whether it is employed on good or bad material. There is such a thing as having a genius for technique, and while even genius for technique never produces a satisfactory result, the plain, simple result of greatness, it produces a result which is sufficiently interesting to detain you by the way. Strauss calls off your attention from the thing itself to the way in which the thing is done; yes, but I am prepared to admire, with all due reservation, the way in which it is done. The way in which Strauss writes for the orchestra gives me a separate pleasure, just as the way in which Swinburne writes verse, quite apart from what either has to say. Strauss chooses to disconcert the ear; I am ready to be disconcerted, and to admire the skill with which he disconcerts me. I mind none of the dissonances, queer intervals, sudden changes; but I want them to mean something vital, musically, I want them to convince me of what they are meant to say. The talk of ugliness is a mere device for drawing one aside from the trail. Vital sincerity is what matters, the direct energy of life itself, forcing the music to be its own voice. Do we find that in this astonishingly clever music?

I do not find it. I find force and tenacity, a determined grip on his material, such as it is, the power to do whatever he can conceive. But I feel that that constructive power which weaves a complex but tightly woven network of sound is at its best but logic without life; that though the main ideas (to which, I am assured by a musical critic from whom I always regret to differ, "all the wonderful detail work is subservient") are expressed with admirable force and coherence, they are not great ideas, they are exterior, lifeless, manufactured

ideas. In subordinating single effects to the effect of the whole he is only, after all, showing himself a great master of effect. He is that, as De Quincey is that, with the same showy splendor, the same outer shell of greatness. What I do not find in his work is great material, or the great manner of working; and as he sets himself the biggest tasks, and challenges comparison with the greatest masters, he cannot be accepted, as much smaller men can be accepted, for what they have done, perfect within its limits.

When Strauss takes the orchestra in both fists, and sets it clanging, I do not feel that sense of bigness which I feel in any outburst of Beethoven or of Wagner. It comes neither from a great height nor from a great depth. There is always underneath it something either vague or obvious. When an unexpected voice comes stealthily from among the wood-wind, or a harp twists through the 'cellos, or a violin cries out of an abyss of sound, it never "makes familiar things seem strange, or strange things seem familiar." It is all fearfully and wonderfully made, but it is made to satisfy a desire of making, and there is something common in the very effectiveness of the effects. All the windy, exalted music in "Feuersnot" is the same kind of writing as the florid Italian writing, the music of "Trovatore," mechanical exaltation, crises of the 'head, much more splendidly developed, from an even tinier point of melodic life. All this working up, as of a very calculated madness, may go to the head, from which it came; never to the heart, to which it was always a stranger. When I play it over on the piano, I get the excitement with which, if I were a mathematician, I should follow the most complicated of Euclid's problems.

It would be untrue to say that I do not get from it a very definite pleasure. But it is a dry and dusty pleasure, it speaks to what is most superficial in me, to my admiration of brilliant external things, of difficult things achieved, of things not born but made. It comes to me empty of life, and it touches in me no spring of life.

For my part, I know only one really reassuring test of the value of a work of art. Here is something on which time has not yet set its judgment: place it beside something, as like it as possible, on which the judgment of time seems to have been set, and see if it can endure the comparison. Let it be as unlike as you please, and the test will still hold good. I can pass from an overture of Wagner to a mazurka of Chopin as easily as from a scene in a play of Shakespeare to a song of Herrick. The one may be greater than the other, but the one is not more genuine than the other. But turn from the opera music of Strauss to the opera music of Wagner, and what is the result? I play twenty pages of the piano score of "Feuersnot," and as I play them I realize the immense ingenuity, the brilliant cleverness, of the music, all its effective qualities, its qualities of solid construction, its particular kind of mastery. Then I play a single page of "Parsifal" or of "Tristan," and I am no longer in the same world. That other flashing structure has crumbled into dust, as if at the touch of an Ithuriel spear. Here I am at home, I hear remote and yet familiar voices, I am alive in the midst of life. I wonder that the other thing could have detained me for a moment, could have come, for a moment, so near to deceiving me.

Arthur Symons.

THE ART OF MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.

To a small—a still inexplicably small—circle of readers the publication of a new book written by Mr. Joseph Conrad ranks as a notable event, an event the comparative infrequency of which makes it all the more remarkable in an age when many of our authors have an "output" as regular, and almost as copious, as a Welsh coal-mine. "Almayer's Folly," Mr. Conrad's first novel, appeared early in 1895, and "Youth," the most recent addition to his works, is only the fifth book which has come from his pen during the last eight years. That, as such matters are reckoned to-day, is slow production, and an examination of any one of the volumes which bear this author's name upon their title-pages will serve to convince that these books, at any rate, are *written*—really written—as are but few of the works with which each succeeding publishing season inundates us. It is not merely that by no conceivable effort of fancy can the reader conjure up a picture of Mr. Conrad shouting his "copy" into a phonograph, or dictating it to a breathless stenographer; nor is it only that his work is honorably distinguished by its author's care, sincerity, and conscientious determination to give the public naught save his best, though these things are manifest in every line. Much more is meant, for indeed Mr. Conrad's stories resemble nothing so nearly as some elaborate piece of mosaic. Each of them is made up of an immense number of minute atoms, one and all of which bear witness to the skill and finished workmanship brought to their fashioning, one and all of which, apart from their individual beauty, are essential to the whole whereof they form the parts, so that that whole, lacking any tiniest fragment, would be marred

and incomplete. This is why Mr. Conrad's books, to be appreciated at their full worth, must not only be read, but must be read more than once. The mind of their author is so subtle, he has put into them so much thought, so much delicacy of touch, so much that is at once allusive and elusive, that at every reperusal some hitherto undetected nicety is revealed. And in this very fact, perhaps, is to be sought the secret not only of Mr. Conrad's success, but also of his failure. His success, within limits, has been undoubted; for his work cannot fail to make a deep impression upon every lover of literary technique, and to afford keen pleasure to all who are capable of prizes, as its rarity deserves, a creative and imaginative talent which in this case is surely not far removed from genius. On the other hand, however, the very refinements and subtleties inseparable from his habit of thought and literary method have caused his books to make but a faint appeal to the general public. Give a dog a bad name, and hang him; call a book "stiff reading," and let it go by the board! This, seemingly, has been the attitude of the majority of readers towards Mr. Conrad's works in the past. It remains to be seen whether his new book, "Youth, and Two other Stories," just published by Messrs. Blackwood (6s.), will succeed in effecting anything in the nature of a wholesome conversion.

It is to be feared that the chances in favor of any such result are not over great, for "Youth," it must be confessed, furnishes as much "stiff reading" as any of its predecessors. That is to say, the book makes a constant, insistent appeal to the intelligence of the reader: it cannot be taken up idly

to while away an hour; it cannot be skimmed or skipped; it must be read word by word, sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, if it is to create the impression which the author has designed to produce. Also, to be quite honest, the admission must be made that Mr. Conrad's style is occasionally difficult. It does not run in any well-worn groove, for its owner is no apostle of the obvious; to the casual reader it may at times appear to be labored, even self-conscious. A closer study of it, however, should lead to the conviction that this style is individual, instinctive, moulded on no ready-made model; that it is the one and only mode of expression adapted to the purposes of its author, or indeed possible to him; that it is in no sense an affectation; and, moreover, that it is exactly suited to the subjects of which he treats.

Enough, perhaps, has been said concerning Mr. Conrad's manner, for though with him mere manner is of more account than with any writer of our time (Mr. Henry James alone excepted), his matter, after all, is of greater significance and of even higher value. "Description," said Byron at a time when his genius was at its ripest, "description is my forte"; and the same might be said with truth by Mr. Conrad. Description unquestionably is his forte, and the most remarkable of his gifts is the power which his strength in this direction gives him for the absolute creation of atmosphere. He is a realist in that he writes of a real world which he has seen for himself with his own eyes; but he rises superior to the trammels of ordinary realism because he has not only looked long and thoughtfully upon land and sea, so that he can write of them with the truth and certainty born of sure knowledge, but because also he has caught the very spirit of them, and has the art so to breathe it into his pages that

his readers become imbued with it too. Those who have struggled round the Cape with Mr. Conrad on board the "Narcissus" have felt the sting of the salt spray on their cheeks, the winds of all the world buffeting them; those who have wandered with him through the mazes of the Malay Archipelago have gasped and sweated in the stifling heat and the dense forests of tropical Asia, though in body they have never even touched the hem of the East; and those of us who know the lands of which he writes have been carried back to distant scenes with so much vividness that we have awakened with a shock of surprise to find the fogs of London gripping us by the throat and dimming our eyesight. But in no one of his books, in the opinion of the present writer, has Mr. Conrad displayed his peculiar genius with more triumphant success than in that which has just seen the light. It contains three stories—"Youth," "The Heart of Darkness," and "The End of the Tether"—all of which have appeared serially in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, a publication that still maintains its ancient reputation for preferring good literature to names that look well upon the bills.

The first of these stories is simply a description of a voyage from London to Bangkok in a sailing ship. It is put into the mouth of Marlow, an officer in the British mercantile marine, who on that occasion, in all his new dignity as second mate, had been making his first visit to the East. Marlow, it will be remembered, was also the relater of the tragedy of "Lord Jim"; and we find him later in the present volume telling, with more than his usual sombre force, the tale called "In the Heart of Darkness." The story of the misfortunes of the ill-fated "Judea" is told with extraordinary power and understanding. There is knowledge here, real first-hand knowledge and experi-

ence, things of absolute value; but it needed something above mere knowledge to transport us, as Mr. Conrad transports us, half across the world, and to keep us aching and breathless with acute disquiet while we share with the ship's crew the dangers and vicissitudes of that journey. For this art and a sure mastery of art were required, and, above all, that special power of conjuring up for the reader an alien environment to which reference has already been made. But beyond this there runs through the narrative, through this tale of an adventure that befell the teller in his boyhood, such a throb of yearning for the vanished joys of youth and the capacity for delight which makes youth what it is, such a passionate regret awakened by "the tender thought of a day that is dead," as cannot but strike an answering chord in every heart. The third story, "The End of the Tether," another tale of seafaring folk, men on board a steam "tramp" in the Malay Archipelago, is no less successful. It is instinct with pathos,—the cruel pathos of obscure struggle and unrecorded tragedy; it is told with the utmost restraint; every character in it, as well as every scene, is real, and not only real, but essentially true to the life described. Those who have seen reason to doubt the penetration of Mr. Conrad's psychological insight—as many may have done whose personal knowledge led them to distrust the analysis of Oriental character contained in his earlier books—will find here enough to convince them that it has sufficed to let its possessor see very deep into the souls of the men who go down to the sea in ships.

"The Heart of Darkness," the story which holds the central place in this enthralling book, has of set purpose been left to the last for mention, because to the present writer it makes a stronger appeal than anything which

its author has yet written, and appears to him to represent Mr. Conrad at his very best. Space, however, forbids any detailed examination of the story. It is a sombre study of the Congo—the scene is obviously intended for the Congo, though no names are mentioned—in which, while the inefficiency of certain types of European "administrators" is mercilessly gibbeted, the power of the wilderness, of contact with barbarism and elemental men and facts, to effect the demoralization of the white man is conveyed with marvellous force. The denationalization of the European, the "going Fantee" of civilized man, has been treated often enough in fiction since Mr. Grant Allen wrote the story of the Rev. John Creedy, and before, but never has the "why of it" been appreciated by any author as Mr. Conrad here appreciates it, and never, beyond all question, has any writer till now succeeded in bringing the reason, and the ghastly unreason, of it all home to sheltered folk as does Mr. Conrad in this wonderful, this magnificent, this terrible study. Mr. Kurtz, the victim of this hideous obsession, the man whom the wilderness had "found out," on whom it had taken a terrible vengeance, to whom it had "whispered things about himself that he did not know, things of which he had no conception till he took counsel with this great solitude," and to whom "the whisper had proved irresistibly fascinating," makes his appearance very late in the story, and then only for a few moments. He is the climax, so to speak, up to which every word of the story has been leading, certainly, inevitably, from the very first; and this is how it comes to pass that when at last he is met with, the reader finds that he is utterly in accord with his surroundings,—in the innermost chamber of the Heart of Darkness.

It has not been possible in the space

of a newspaper article to give more than the barest outline of Mr. Conrad's new book, and anything resembling a serious analysis of it is obviously out of the question. But it is hoped that enough may have been said to lead one or two readers, who else might have passed it by, to study the book for themselves. "I do not like work—no man does," says Mr. Conrad, speaking through the mouth of Marlow. "But I like what is in work, —the chance to find yourself. Your

The Spectator.

own reality—for yourself, not for others—what no other man can know. They can only see the mere show, and never can tell what it really means." That is profoundly true in the sense that a man's work always means far more to him than it can mean to any other living soul; but Mr. Conrad's work, at any rate, means very much to others, even to those who, to his thinking, can perhaps only "see the mere show."

Hugh Clifford.

JOURNALISTS AND DIPLOMATISTS.

In his speech at the annual dinner of the British Chamber of Commerce at Paris, Sir Edmund Monson gave a very interesting comparison between diplomacy as it is and diplomacy as it was when he entered the service, in 1856. The Ambassador is not disposed to magnify his office. Rather, indeed, he seems to us to underrate its importance. Diplomacy, he almost goes the length of saying, is played out. The Ambassador has been superseded by the newspaper correspondent. Political secrets are no more picked up in society, they are now the property of the professional journalist, "whose accuracy and despatch have become so trustworthy," that the poor diplomatist is hopelessly distanced. The gentlemen of the Press have taken the bread out of his mouth. They not only send home news, "they transmit by telegraph to the great journals which they represent their own enlightened comments upon current political events or official utterances and actions." It is not impossible that Sir Edmund Monson made these remarks in that spirit of intentional exaggeration which is permissible at a friendly dinner. He

may have been taking journalists at their own valuation. Indeed, only a very enthusiastic correspondent, and one who had very lately taken up the work, would seriously lay claim to the exalted functions here enumerated. But whether Sir Edmund Monson was serious or jesting, his speech is the expression of a very general belief, and as such is worth a moment's examination. Is it true that newspapers have put diplomats on one side, that the telegraph and the post-office have taken the place of the Ambassador, that all that Governments want to know they can get from the newspaper, and that diplomacy has ceased to have any proper work, except as "the intimate associate, if not the handmaid, of commercial progress"? Sir Edmund Monson seems to think so, and we may be sure that neither the Press nor the public are likely to put him right if he is wrong. The conductors of newspapers naturally like to have it believed that for them contemporary history has no secrets, since it is a conviction that ministers to the circulation of their journals. The public are equally pleased to believe that

when they have read their favorite newspaper they know all that is to be known. Is Sir Edmund Monson telling a plain truth, or ministering to a popular delusion?

We believe that the latter estimate of his speech is really the true one. No doubt the Ambassador did not exaggerate in the slightest degree the enterprise of our great journals. They have made full use of all the new instruments with which science has furnished them, and in this way they have added enormously to our knowledge of what is happening in foreign countries. The special correspondent has done much more than transmit news. He has telegraphed columns of matter which are only differentiated from leading articles by the fact that they are written abroad, and not in the office. But when Sir Edmund Monson speaks of the collection of intelligence as the correspondent's special business, and of his success in it as having driven the diplomatist out of the field, he attaches too little importance to a qualification which at the same time he is careful to make. The business of the professional journalist, he says, "is the collection of all intelligence accessible to the public." The business of the diplomatist, we should add, is the collection of such intelligence as is not "accessible to the public." Except when it pleases a Government for some end of its own to make its purposes public, the professional journalist knows little or nothing of this latter kind of information, or if he does know it, it is under conditions which forbid him to disclose it until he has ceased to have exclusive possession of it. Take, for example, such an incident as the German Emperor's recent visit to England. The professional journalists contributed a large variety of speculative theories as to the reason which had brought him here and the uses made of his visit,

and it is quite possible that some of them came pretty near the truth. But for all that, they were guesses, and nothing more. What actually passed between the Emperor and the King, or between the Emperor and the two or three Cabinet Ministers with whom he conversed, remains a secret. We can make shots at what was said, because we can judge for ourselves what each party would be likely to say, but in this respect the professional journalist is not necessarily any better equipped than his readers. Of anything beyond this he can know nothing. What is more, he cannot wish to know anything, because it could only be told him under pledge of the strictest secrecy, and secrecy is the one thing that makes information worthless to him. He values his knowledge in proportion as he is able to impart it to others.

The second function of newspaper correspondents, the transmission of "their own enlightened comments upon current political events," invades the field of diplomacy even less than the transmission of news. It is quite true that this has of late years become an increasingly common practice with newspaper correspondents. To an able man the mere collection of other people's opinions is wearisome work. He wants to classify and criticise what he has collected. And so long as he does this without reference to the opinions of the journal in whose employment he is, no harm is done. The information he gives becomes more valuable to the reader by reason of the explanations and illustrations which he adds to it. Very often, however, the correspondent does a good deal more than this. In the guise of a news telegram, he sends forth, as we have said, what is not only a leading article, but a leading article designed to set out the particular views of the newspaper he represents. This seems

to us an exceedingly misleading practice. The reader assumes that he is getting the opinion of the people with whom the correspondent associates. What he is getting, in fact, is the opinion of the English newspaper which has sent out the correspondent. It is becoming almost as easy to predict what we shall find in the foreign correspondence of some English journals as it is to predict what we shall find in their leading articles. The true function of a foreign correspondent is to tell readers at home what is being said and thought abroad, and in so far as he substitutes for this what an English journal thinks, or wishes its readers to think, is being said or thought abroad, he misses his vocation.

In neither of these ways does the work of the correspondent interfere with that of the diplomatist. The business of an Ambassador is undoubtedly to collect information. But the information so collected must, if it is to be of any use to his chief, be just that which the correspondent cannot collect—information, that is to say, which is not "accessible to the public." He has to keep his ears open for every hint that can help to make an obscure incident intelligible, or an imperfectly-known incident plain. It is quite possible that there are foreign correspondents who would make better diplomats than some of those actually in

the service. But they would only do so on the assumption that they had access to the special knowledge to which an Ambassador has access. In other words, given equal advantages, the best man would do the best work. What Sir Edmund Monson seems to say is that the diplomatist and the correspondent have the same advantages, and that is a statement which is only permissible in an after-dinner speech. It leaves out of sight, too, the other side of a diplomatist's functions—the side to which there is nothing parallel in the correspondent's work. An Ambassador has to convey information, to announce decisions, to communicate news, all of which it is his business to make as little disagreeable as he is able. The correspondent's object is to put all he has to tell in the most interesting and striking form; the ambassador's object is to put all he has to tell in the form which seems to him best calculated to soothe and conciliate those he addresses. Between the two there is the widest possible difference, and for this reason, as for the one already stated, we cannot agree with Sir Edmund Monson's theory that the diplomatist has been displaced by the newspaper correspondent. We should rather say that newspaper correspondents had been specially created to make work for diplomats.

The Economist.

EGYPT AND THE GREAT DAM.

The Nile reservoir at Assuan was opened on Wednesday with as little display as a town hall or a charity bazaar. We like it so. A bar of masonry is thrown across the Nile and the Nubian Valley is turned into a lake. That this should seem an incident in the business of empire is as it

should be. A great achievement, thus coolly viewed, brings us near to the spirit of Rome, apparently lost in the saturnalia of Mafeking and Peace days.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane,
memento;

Hae tibi erunt artes: pacisque impo-
nere morem,
Parcere subiectis, et debellare super-
bos.

The event, as an event, is worthy to be understood. On the map Egypt is shown as a great parallelogram. But this area is rainless except in the north, and it is the narrow riband of green fields stretching on either side of the Nile from Assuan to Cairo, that together with the Delta and the Fayum constitutes the real Egypt. The land draws its supplies of moisture not from its own sky, but from the skies of Abyssinia and Central Africa; and being just so much of the desert as can be fertilized by the waters of its river, Egypt is in literal truth the "gift of the Nile." To the people of such a country water is the paramount necessity of life; and of all the reforms effected by British administration the restoration and extension of the irrigation works is the most vital and the most valued. Nineteen years ago, when British engineers were summoned from India to reform the Egyptian Irrigation Service, the situation was one which might have baffled even resolute and skilful men. Incompetence, waste, neglect and disuse, had brought the then existing system of irrigation works and canals to a condition of disorder that threatened the industrial life of the nation with paralysis. The English irrigation officers began in a modest way to clear and repair the canals. On the strength of their early success they obtained from the Government the "Irrigation million"; and then a task of real magnitude was completed. Just south of Cairo, at the apex of the Delta, the Barrage had stood for twenty-five years—a costly failure. Its purpose was to hold up the Nile, and so provide a supply of water sufficient for the perennial irrigation of the cotton crops, then as now the main source of the national

wealth. Built from the designs of Mougel Bey, the French engineer, the Barrage had cost £1,800,000, besides "the unpaid labor of uncounted corvées, and of whole battalions of soldiers." But the bad workmanship of the natives had made the structure so weak that it had never held up more than five feet nine inches of water, and in 1885, when the English engineers took it in hand, it had been abandoned as worthless. Nevertheless by 1890, after four years of skilful reconstruction and repairs, the Barrage was rendered efficient: the perennial irrigation of Lower Egypt was achieved, the cotton industry was saved, and the future prosperity of Egypt was assured. As yet, however, the sugar industry and the peasant proprietors of Upper Egypt, from Cairo for more than 500 miles southward to Assuan, remained dependent upon the annual overflow of the Nile for the supply of the irrigation canals with water. The canals and conduits were gradually deepened and improved, the land was drained; but before a supply of water sufficient for perennial irrigation could be obtained, the millions of tons of surplus water, which every year the Nile poured wastefully in the season of its flood into the Mediterranean, must be caught and stored.

It is this service which the great dam at Assuan will perform. Holding up a volume of surplus water of more than a thousand million tons in weight, it will pour forth in the season of low Nile a flow of water twice as great as the volume of the Thames in its mean annual flood. The Assuan reservoir, with the ancillary "open Barrage" at Assiut (that fills the Ibrahimiyeh Canal), will not only provide some 800,000 acres of land in Upper Egypt—one third of the agricultural area—with perennial irrigation, but it will enable fresh land to be reclaimed from the

desert, and so enlarge the area of habitable Egypt.

The price which Egypt pays for this boon is something under five millions, distributed in thirty annual payments of £157,226, running from 1 July, 1903. The cash value of the new water supply is estimated at an annual increase of £2,608,000 in the national wealth, and of £378,400 in the annual revenue; while the State will gain in addition a bonus of over a million pounds from the sale of lands reclaimed from the desert. It remains to be seen, of course, whether these estimates of the increased productiveness of the Nile Valley will be realized. On the other hand, they may be exceeded. In any case the prospect of an immediate increase in the purchasing power of Egypt is a matter

which is worth the notice of our manufacturers.

But the formal inauguration of the Nile reservoir is significant from more than one aspect. We have regarded it as the crowning point in a material enterprise of the highest economic importance, undertaken nearly twenty years ago in circumstances of great difficulty, and now successfully accomplished, by Englishmen. But it has its political significances as well: it is a vindication of the purposes for which we have remained in Egypt in the face of the ill-concealed annoyance of more than one Great Power. It is an augury of success in South Africa, in so far as part of our task in that province of the Empire is identical with the task which we have thus successfully accomplished in Egypt.

The Saturday Review.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Le Galliene's "Odes from the *Divan of Hafiz*" are to be published next spring in a limited edition.

There has been some surprise at the apparently arbitrary omission of certain authors from the supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica". This is now explained by the statement that an age limit was fixed, by which all writers under sixty years of age were excluded.

Austin Dobson is to write a life of Fanny Burney for the Macmillans' English Men of Letters Series; Edmund Gosse is to do the volume on Jeremy Taylor; and the volume on Sydney Smith which was to have been written by Augustine Birrell has been undertaken by George W. E. Russell.

Mr. A. H. Savage Landor's latest

book of travel "Across Coveted Lands" is announced by the Macmillans. The "coveted lands" of which he writes are Persia, Afghanistan, and Baluchistan, across which Mr. Landor has recently travelled on horseback and on camels, and of which he may be counted upon to give an interesting description.

The persons and events of the French revolution of 1848, from the point of view of one who was an eye-witness, form the subject of a volume which Mr. John Murray announces for early publication. The narrator is the Baroness Bonde, an Irish lady by birth who married a Dutchman residing in an official capacity in Paris. The book was written in the form of a journal in which the Baroness noted her impressions of many of the most prominent characters in Paris at the time of the Revolution.

THE JEWS OF BUCHAREST.

"Take heed! the stairs are worn and damp!"
 My soft-tongued Southern guardian said,
 And held more low his twinkling lamp
 To light my cautious, downward tread.
 Where that uncertain radiance fell
 The bat in startled circles flew;
 Sole tenant of the sunless cell
 Our fathers fashioned for the Jew.

Yet, painted on the aching gloom,
 I saw a hundred dreadful eyes,
 As out of their forgotten tomb
 Its pallid victims seemed to rise.
 With fluttered heart and crisping hair
 I stood those crowding ghosts amid,
 And thought what raptures of despair
 The soundless granite walls had hid.

I saw their arsenal of crime:
 The rack, the scourge, the gradual fire,
 Where priestly hangmen of old time
 Watched their long-tortured prey expire.
 Then by dim warders darkling led
 Through many a rocky corridor,
 Like one that rises from the dead,
 I passed into the light once more.
 And does a careless brother say
 We stir this ancient dust in vain,
 When palaced Bucharest to-day
 Sees the same devil loose again?
 Again her busy highways wake
 To the old persecuting cry
 Of men who for their Master's sake
 His chosen kindred crucify.

There oft the midnight hours are loud
 With echoes of pursuing feet;
 As fired with bright zeal the crowd
 Goes raving down the Ghetto's street:
 The broken shutter's rending crash
 That lets the sudden riot in,
 And shows, by those red torches' flash,
 The shrinking fugitives within.
 But here are tales of deeper shame!
 Of law insulted and defied,

While Force, usurping Justice' name,
 Takes boldly the oppressor's side.
 The bread whose bitterness so long
 These sons of hated race have known;
 Familiar, oft-repeated wrong
 That turns the living heart to stone.

Still Zion City lies forlorn:
 And still the Stranger in our gates,
 A servant to the younger born,
 For his long-promised kingdom waits.

O Brethren of the outer court,
 Entreat him well and speak him fair!
 The form that makes your thoughtless sport
 Our coming Lord hath deigned to wear.

Edward Sydney Tylee.
 The Spectator.

HEAVEN—HAVEN.

I have desired to go
 Where springs not fail,
 To fields where flies no sharp and sided
 hail,
 And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
 Where no storms come,
 Where the green swell is in the havens
 dumb,
 And out of the swing of the sea.
Gerard Hopkins.

BEFORE LOVE CAME.

Before Love came—
 (The rose lifts up its head and longs
 for rain)
 Before Love came I sang of Love,
 Its joy, its pain.
 But when Love came—
 (The rose beneath the longed-for rain
 is bent)
 But when Love came—its joy, its
 pain—
 All my song went.

Ella Higginson.